

THE COMMONWEAL

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ALIEN PHOTOGRAPHERS

ONE need not subscribe to everything which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald says in the current issue of the Nation in order to agree with him that "relations between the United States and Great Britain grow increasingly unhappy." The trouble runs deeper than economics, broader than patriotic sentiment. America's state of mind is, from several points of view, profoundly antipathetic to modern Englishmen, less because these resent innovations of language or habits than because Britain has been made over by experiences which the new world has hardly shared. It is all very well to argue about the number of battleships or the proper size of cruisers; but you can never come to any satisfactory conclusion about them if the social premises from which you reason are in total disagreement.

That the English live according to their foreign policy has long since been evident, and the same thing is true of the European nations. The rhythm of the rise and fall of premiers is the rhythm of world events. In the United States, however—and only

here in so far as large countries are concerned—foreign policy depends upon domestic politics. Of necessity, therefore, we as citizens do not share the intimate concern with international affairs which, almost everywhere else, is part of thought about daily bread. It is normal for the American to go his own way. And now that he can go with a certain swagger, or even a prodigal glitter, it is perilously possible that he should bear some of the earmarks of a snob. He is interested, of course, in foreign markets. Fundamentally he has always remained pacific at heart, eager to believe that war is a blunder and military glory a smudge. But by reason of habit rather than of conviction, his world friendliness (if this somewhat awkward term is permitted to pass muster) is individual rather than social.

The present impression of the United States entertained by other peoples is very mildly put by Mr. MacDonald, who is exceptionally willing to concede the faults of his own people. And indeed the gravity of the situation is revealed precisely in the anxiety of

idealists such as he. Chauvinists—so many of the better European editorial writers are chauvinists—do not matter because nothing could please them anyhow. But when foreign observers who are interested in us and who admire our institutions lose faith, the problem is worth considering. Who cannot see that the profound resentment of the expressed American attitude toward reparations which recently shook Germany is not only petty anger? Here other things than selfishness are at stake. The German, ground to something perilously like human powder by titanic debts, cries out against the arbiter—visioned as invariably rich and comfortable—who distributes the wealth of the Reich with canny aloofness. Quite as impressive, we think, is an article about the recent elections, written for *Le Correspondant*, of Paris, by Bernard Faÿ. Professor Faÿ knows the United States and has made valuable sympathetic studies of our national characteristics. But this article is by a man whose faith in us is dwindling and who bids his countrymen be on their guard.

Doubtless much of the current foreign opinion of this country is mistaken. But there it is. If the Kellogg idea means anything, we have come, at least officially, to acknowledge the value of world opinion. We have professed to believe that human society as a whole can be improved if common reason and action converge upon obstructions to the universal welfare. But how much are we willing to give for the success of that idea? To what extent are we willing to look at alien photographs of ourselves? These questions, not pleasant to be sure, may well prove to be part of the American destiny. For it is a rash man who would deny the rightness of this observation by Mr. MacDonald: "The plain fact is that a spirit is growing up in the two countries [Britain and the United States] which is estranging them and is encouraging a kind of squabbling criticism which destroys mutual understanding and forbearance."

WEEK BY WEEK

THE road to Senate discussion of the cruiser bill had no sooner been opened than Senator Borah complicated matters by the proposal of an amendment for the codification of maritime law.

Codes and Cruisers

Aside from the merits or demerits of the Senator's idea, his introduction of it at this particular time savors of perversity. The question of American policy in building more cruisers is linked up with problems and legislation, current or pending, but certainly it is not expedient to call upon the Senate to consider, in the space of five weeks, a recommendation of such far-reaching import. Surely the restatement and recodification of the rules of law governing the conduct of belligerents and neutrals in war at sea, is sufficiently important to justify separate action. There is, in all the steps of the government on the interrelated ques-

tions of disarmament, peace overtures, cruiser building, naval competition with Great Britain and the freedom of the seas, a curious succession of contradictory theories which is characteristic of the usual international thought of the United States. In right order Senator Borah's amendment should have been considered before the cruiser bill, which President Coolidge so insistently tossed into the senatorial arena. Mr. Coolidge called for a greater navy. Mr. Borah, at his first articulate moment, declares that a greater navy is exactly what the country will get unless Congress adopts his idea. It is obviously ridiculous and wasteful to commence a ship-building program which is to be scrapped by future international pacts.

THE President's pessimism in regard to the Borah plan is the outgrowth of experience with an intractable legislature. He has just emerged from the struggle over the Pact of Paris, and his conclusion that the Senate is a difficult body to move to action on any international agreement is justly arrived at. Even at the present time he finds his plea for elimination of the time clause in the cruiser bill disregarded. Representative Britten, chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, went so far as to imply that what Mr. Coolidge wants must be superseded by what Mr. Hoover wants. Mr. Britten declared that he had certainly been given "the impression" that Mr. Hoover wants a navy second to none, and would favor the time clause. Mr. Hoover's "telegram of repudiation" to the President apparently leaves Mr. Britten in the cold, but the legislators seem doubtful of the Hoover stand. It may well be that, in lieu of further official clarification, Congress will believe that by adhering to the time clause it is doing the will of Hoover. It will then be given to the President to decide whether he is so anxious for cruisers that he prefers taking them immediately to not taking them at all. If he does, he will be doing it with the knowledge that this action of the United States will be an unfortunate preliminary to the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments in 1931.

COMPETENT study of Latin-American affairs was never more necessary. The Catholic Association for International Peace has included in its Latin America in Retrospect report a number of relatively general observations which deserve attention and study. Here the era of "Hispanic revolutions" is seen as resulting from a clash between an old-world order (of agriculture, small trades, crafts) and the new order of industry (scientific invention, business promotion, financing). South America was for a long time without the materials or the leadership which could have made modern industrial progress take root in a dozen republics all burdened with serious race problems. Its prominent laymen were all either conservative landowners or members of the intelligentsia. The conflict between

old and new, therefore, worked itself out in the form of a struggle between ideas or conceptions of life. That the Catholic side was handicapped by several factors is conceded. The Faith was "unevenly understood and unevenly practised." Certain forms of "state domination," we are told, proved very disadvantageous. But in the end clarification has brought about two apparent contrasts: the Church, much improved by closer contact with the Holy See, has developed, at least partially, a program of liberal social action; but the "revolution," reduced to its ultimate conclusion, has wedded a dream of communism with social and economic chaos.

THROUGH the death, on January 24, of Dr. John D. Logan, Marquette University has lost the services of a truly remarkable man. He had come to the United States from Canada two or three years ago, thus restoring contacts with an environment in which his intellect had been formed. Few young men have begun academic life more brilliantly than Dr. Logan, who won graduate scholarships at Harvard as easily as some men sell automobiles, and whose entry into philosophy was made under the aegis of great names—Santayana, James, Royce. He soon turned, nevertheless, to journalism and literature, writing the first extensive history and criticism of Canadian literature. Perhaps his verse was always too metaphysical or rhetorical to win the favor of a generation pledged to the lyric note. But no one could doubt either his devotion to the poets or his eagerness to discover one. At Marquette University he expended much to render his community "poetry conscious," and so earned the gratitude of many young people. Of course John D. Logan was not a young man when he died; but if the normal span of years had been allotted to him he would have given much precious aid to Church and nation. This belief is, we think, supported by the work he did for The Commonweal.

WE HAVE no desire to make the death of Canon de Dordolot, renowned Louvain geologist and scientist, a prelude to controversy. Few men were more learned, humble and self-sacrificing. With the devotion to truth which characterizes the best among scientists, he combined a simple kindness that expressed itself in good works. Like the Reverend John A. Zahm in the United States, Canon de Dordolot espoused the ideal of evolution, which he thought revealed the grandeur of the Divine creative act more fully than the older hypotheses of creationism did. It may be that he laid too much stress upon certain inferences, but he appears to us as one who preserved the old Catholic, eminently Thomistic, docility in the face of reality, which modern apologetic prepossessions sometimes deny. European

thinkers generally seem to have been more willing to agree with the Canon than their American confrères. Some years ago M. Pierre Termier, the noted French Catholic geologist, delivered a famous address which was in virtual agreement with the opinions of the Louvain professor. More recently a widely quoted sermon by Father Bede Jarret, the learned English Dominican, restated the appreciation of Darwin which Canon de Dordolot had been almost the first among Catholics to voice. Thus the individual appears to be free to interpret scientific findings as he sees fit, provided always that faith and humility abide.

SENATOR NORRIS, who bolted the Republican party in November, has written a remarkable letter to an expostulating friend. In it he explains why he voted for Smith without taking his personal welfare into consideration. The Nebraskan's adherence to principle and his refusal to follow blindly when he felt that party regularity was fostering false and un-American issues is sufficient justification of an attitude too rarely maintained by politicians. "Certainly, I have no prejudice in favor of the Catholic Church," he wrote, "but the most abhorrent thing that I know of in government or society is the madness of religious prejudice and hatred. . . . There is nothing so unreasonable and illogical as religious prejudice—and I care not where it exists or what church it is for or against. In this campaign we have sown the seeds of religious hatred and the fruits will be borne generations after we have passed away. We have practically amended the constitution by saying that no Catholic shall be President of the United States. . . ." Our Sunday Visitor gives space to the Norris letter. We should like to see it have even wider publicity.

TO THE East and the South, which have, apparently, problems of their own, it may be of no moment that there exists in Pennsylvania an Elections Association, organized by citizens to insure honest voting and counting of the votes. But to the righteous Middle-west, where Pennsylvania hath had an evil name for ballot procedure, it will be seen both as a confirmation of its suspicions, and as the triumph of good example. The Association is no passive force. It has prepared any number of bills which it will offer the legislature, to provide limits for the amount of assistance which can be rendered a voter, enable the use of voting machines anywhere, make possible the opening of a ballot box upon petition of citizens living in any part of the county instead of limiting this right to voters of the ward or precinct affected, prevent the voter from carrying a marked ballot with him and require him to mark the ballot he receives personally from the election officials, require permanent registration of

voters in cities, empower the courts to appoint overseers from districts other than those in which they will serve, enable the prompt investigation of frauds and impounding of ballot boxes and permit any citizen to inspect election records. It is no small program and the men back of it may expect to be considered in their own neighborhood as alarmists if not radicals. But they will be heroes in Chicago and Indianapolis where the methods of Pennsylvania electioneers have often been referred to in tones of sad regret.

CHILE proposes to discover whether temperance can be secured by a careful regulation of everything that has to do with the production, sale, export or import of liquor, and by a system of progressive fines and imprisonment for drunkenness. The experience of Quebec suffices to show that the first is feasible, and it should be equally clear from results in other countries that while the second will not discourage hard drinking, it will tend to drive drunkenness from the streets, and from the places where it is most likely to do harm. Even in the United States, where every effort to promote sobriety by law seems to have an effect opposite to that intended, various cities have shown that by a rigorous concentration on one problem—that presented by drunken driving for instance—an abuse can be noticeably lessened. Prohibition fails because there are so many illegalities to look after that the final problem of drunkenness is lost in the crowd. We must catch and punish the man who makes the liquor, the man who transports it, the man who stores it and the man who sells it. Chile will supervise the activities of these intermediaries, and retain enough of its judiciary energy to deal with the unwise consumer.

ALTHOUGH the death of Oscar W. Underwood, long-time Senator from Alabama, is a distinct loss to the nation, it is a much more grievous blow to the South. Although he had voluntarily retired from active political life, Mr. Underwood continued to be an outstanding leader of the Democratic party and one of the few men of national and international importance whom the South has produced since the Civil War. What particularly characterized his lengthy career in the House and the Senate was his genius as a leader who wrought, not by domination, but by suasion. Conscientiousness made him vastly superior to opportunism. This explains his unequivocal opposition to the Ku Klux Klan and to dry principles when a support of, or at least a passive attitude toward, one or both would have gained him high favor with many elements in his own state. Instead Mr. Underwood twice lost the opportunity to head the Democratic ticket; in 1912 because his wetness alienated William Jennings Bryan, and in 1924 because his nominator (unquestionably with his

approval) denounced the Klan as "un-American." Other causes may have contributed to his rejection by the national conventions but these were of prime importance. Most of Mr. Underwood's friends declared that the consideration of the rancors of political life in Alabama was responsible for his retirement. But although he was no longer a legislator, he continued to function as a servant of the people. The spontaneous and sincere tributes from leaders, regardless of party affiliation, demonstrate that the country as a whole is aware of the loss of a statesman of the highest order.

THE range of a plane is much less important than its pay load," said Dr. Claude Dornier, German designer, and this is certainly the most sensible statement concerning aviation which has been spoken in a long time. The day for flights which have no other purpose than to prove that a small fast plane can cross an ocean or a continent without stopping is well over. It was exciting while it lasted, but its only purpose, which was to arouse a general interest in aviation, has been accomplished. No more important issue than attends a sporting proposition now hangs on the plans of certain fliers to cross still larger bodies of water and of land in a single flight. Whatever 1929 can contribute toward the advance of aviation will not be contributed by them. On the other hand, if a plane of limited range but of large capacity for passengers and mail cargo can tranverse, say, the Atlantic, in two stops by way of Bermuda and the Azores, or even in three stops, by way of Greenland, Iceland and England, long-distance aviation will cease to be a game, which is what it has become, and enter its last, and practical phase. It is in this direction that builders, designers and pilots can do their best work in the coming season.

EVEN as great oaks from little acorns grow, so also does vast mirth from smallish blunders come. We remember that Admiral Dewey was once invited to address the faculty and students of a college, with the prospect of receiving an honorary degree. Everything went along splendidly until the prexy, having finished an address of encomium, introduced the conqueror of Manila as "Judge Dewey." The total result can be compared only to some pasteboard battle of Waterloo. Of a similar character, we think, is an error which recently graced Vanity Fair. The editors printed a frontispiece photograph of Paul Claudel—an excellent likeness, to which there were appended some words of appreciation. Unfortunately the writer went on to enumerate the published works of the ambassador, and entitled the first one Letters to His Daughter. Immediately there was conjured up for us the vision of a busy and weary scribe, listening for titles over the telephone. How

else could he have so twisted Letters to a Doubter, transcribed by our own Henry Longan Stuart, recently deceased? No great harm is done by the error, but it calls to mind the fragility of even that fame which dwells within the narrow limits of a compliment.

THE wisdom of the Catholic Church some time since in deciding to build up a native clergy and sisterhood, even a native hierarchy, in China, is becoming ever more apparent. Native Chinese Clergy Thus we find some notable men of other denominations asking for a similar policy on the part of the Protestant churches. Dr. Paul Monroe, in *China: a Nation in Evolution*, finds that one of the reasons for the Chinese distrust of missionary endeavor as imperialistic is "the failure to make adequate use of the Chinese in the activities of the missions." And Reverend Roland Allen, commenting on Dr. Monroe's book in *The Living Church* (Anglican) has this to say: "Almost universally men believe that a Christian minister must be so appointed that all the Christians, at least of their own denomination, will recognize him as a true minister. The missionaries have never trusted their Chinese Christians enough to put that power wholly and unreservedly into their hands. The battle against missionary domination has hitherto been waged over positions in conferences, or on boards of school or hospital management; but one day it will be waged on this ground. . . ."

ONE of our most deep-seated objections to the automobile disappears, or is counterbalanced, rather, by reports indicating the expansion of library service in rural communities made possible by this ill-smelling enemy of our peace and quiet. After all, there are two aspects of country life for which many of us care greatly, and if that one which concerns the roads and their invitation to foot travel has been almost destroyed, the other, which has to do with lamplight and the fire, has been strengthened by the same thing. In the February issue of *Rural America*, for instance, are descriptions of the work done by "bookmobiles" operating out of city libraries in Oregon and in North Carolina. The Portland truck covers more than three hundred miles every fortnight carrying books to almost five hundred families; that of Greensboro (paid for, incidentally, out of the county dog tax) distributes approximately five thousand volumes per month. These are listed as typical examples of the library service being offered farmers in many parts of the United States, and the more there are, the more shall we approve. Now if some county could only see its way clear toward preserving the bookmobile and banishing all other gasoline-fed contraptions from its smaller and more inviting roads, what high praises we should be prompted to bestow!

NAIVE STATESMEN

UNSUCCESSFUL, yet hopeful of future success the United States delegation to the three-day liquor smuggling conference with Canadian officials, returned empty-handed to Washington. Although disappointed, the delegates suffered no impairment of their naïveté, so great that they had journeyed to Ottawa with the idea that Canada would eliminate a traffic which nets its citizens over \$30,000,000 annually, to please American prohibition officials. Their proposals, of course, broached a problem of potential bearing on the amicable relations of the two countries. It did, and does, involve a delicate international question—what steps ought one nation to take to induce its citizens at home to obey the laws of another nation? Our Department of Justice may wish to becloud the issue (a course that seems apparent from statements of its members) by pointing to other concessions Canada may hope to obtain from the United States in future treaties. Yet the basic proposition cannot be avoided, nor have the American negotiators offered anything in the nature of a specific *quid pro quo*.

The United States has been enjoying for the past four years the beneficent terms of the La Pointe-Hughes treaty. Perhaps Dr. James M. Doran, commissioner of prohibition, has been unduly encouraged by the provision under which Canadian officials advise his department about shipments of contraband believed to be destined for American ports. This is a real concession from the Canadian standpoint, but from the American it is defective. Ideally our borders would be safest from rum-smuggling if Canada amended her laws to correspond with our own Eighteenth Amendment; Canada failing to do this, our prohibition enforcers seek to have our neighbor do their work for them. Stripped of all disguise, their proposal was that the Canadian delegates agree to the cancellation of custom bonds held by Canadian liquor-importing firms, on the ground that the firms are organized solely for the purpose of sending liquor into the United States, and the refusal of clearance papers to ships or vehicles of all kinds which carry liquor into the United States. Were such a treaty finally formulated, the improbability of its passage by Parliament is at once obvious.

America has done little to justify even the existing Canadian tolerance. Dr. Doran himself admits the scrupulosity with which Canada has observed the stipulations of the La Pointe-Hughes treaty. But he cannot say that the flow of commercial contraband—silks, cotton, cigarettes and other commodities—from the United States northward has been reciprocally impeded. Nor could Canada expect to be placed in a receptive mood by the recent action of the United States Department of Justice which caused the indictment of Canadian distillers for conspiracy with Yankee bootleggers. Although these men cannot be

prosecuted, the action rightly threw the border dwellers into a ferment of indignation and protest. Their state of mind will have far-reaching political effect on any proposal of a new treaty in Parliament. The border, too, has prospered tremendously by the enactment of the Volstead Act. Cities have doubled their population; villages have burgeoned into thriving industrial centres; the cross-roads have given birth to towns; increased revenue in the provinces has been translated into such things as new schoolhouses, macadamized roads and other improvements of a public nature.

The cause of such prosperity will not be readily abandoned and the Treasury Department cannot expect, when it proposes such a course, to see it upheld by altruistic motives. There will be many in this country, too, who will object to holding our good-will as the price of Canadian coöperation, particularly when our methods fall far short of satisfaction. We have observed the havoc worked by the corrupting influences which beleaguer our own enforcement agents; Canada can scarcely wish to see its own officials exposed to like demoralization. It is natural, also, for Canadian members of Parliament to ask of the United States more thorough enforcement of its own prohibition laws before it actually requests Canada to enact new prohibitory ones.

THE PROBLEM OF POWER

THAT the control of power through the public utility corporation has become one of the fundamental economic problems of our country is obvious to anybody who thinks about such things at all. Nevertheless it is exceedingly difficult to reach any conclusion regarding the matter, even after one has studied a good deal of the extant literature. Four basic facts are, of course, rather evident: the American people are at present overwhelmingly in favor of private ownership and management of public service properties; investments in stocks and bonds issued by power or traction companies have increased so largely that millions are directly interested in the stability of these securities; a vast amount of publicity in favor of the public utility corporaion has been circulated during recent years by all the agencies which influence public opinion; and, finally, control of rates and service has tended steadily to pass from legislative groups of one kind or another to the courts of the country.

Regarding the first two of these facts, nothing need be said other than that they cannot be considered intrinsically permanent. That is, the public may change its mind about private ownership or utility investments, under the stress of differing economic conditions or moral indignation. It was not so long ago that opposition to the railroad enterprise was widespread, and that federal ownership of the means of transportation had become a popular slogan. Concerning the third

fact, the Federal Trade Commission has been gathering a wealth of evidence. It is public property and much of it has appeared in the United States Daily and elsewhere. We know that vast sums of money have been expended through a network of committees representative of utility companies of national or state character. The fundamental object was to oppose community ownership of every kind. Manifestly there is no reason for objecting to this campaign of "education" or "propaganda" if it be honest and above-board. One grave danger is, however, apparent: since no organization exists which could finance a campaign of opposition or criticism, there is no way of telling whether the propaganda is "education" or merely a system of wool pulling. Hardly anybody who reads the findings of the Federal Trade Commission will rise with his faith in the utility companies strengthened from this point of view. Admittedly, however, the public is quite willing to accept the ideas of operative economics suggested by Mr. Paul S. Clapp and his very numerous fellows.

It is curious that an industry so alert to respond to current good-will and so supple in devising a multi-form appeal should fail to understand the very bad effect produced by some of its own overt acts. The most important of these is perhaps the basis of its appeal to the courts. Though the public service commissions of the states are entrusted with the right to fix rates for service rendered, the bench may intervene when there is reason to believe that a low award violates the constitutional safeguard against deprivation of income. In practice this means determining the "valuation" of a utility property and then applying a simple 7 percent to the total. But what is the correct "valuation"? Should it be the original cost, or the reproduction cost in which all the intangible assets like "good-will" have been included? The nature of the Supreme Court attitude toward this important question has been analyzed carefully by Father John A. Ryan in a booklet recently published by the National Popular Government League, and entitled *The Ethics of Public Utility Valuation*. Primarily the discussion centers round the decision in the case of the Indianapolis Water Company, which fixed the "valuation" at nearly twice the actual cost of the property. Without assenting to all of the conclusions reached by Father Ryan (and they merit earnest consideration) it is obvious that a court which guarantees 7 percent to utilities after having credited them with nearly a 100 percent capital increase is putting these utilities in an extraordinarily favorable position. It is only natural that Commissioner Woodlock should have argued for a similar attitude toward the railroads. And what would happen if purely competitive industry suddenly "went bad," adding to curtailed profits a vast decrease in wage expenditure? Undoubtedly public resentment would fall swiftly and heavily upon a wholly anomalous utility "privilege."

Furthermore, recourse to court action has virtually

killed the efficacy of the public service commission. On January 21 of this year, the New York World printed a lucid and convincing editorial outlining the status of the commission in its own commonwealth. This body is wholly snowed under by cases, litigation and conflicts of authority. Just how bizarre the situation is may be guessed from the barest kind of outline of the New York Telephone Company situation. During nine years the commission and the company have argued about rates, with the result that a settlement is only now headed for its destination via the Supreme Court. Thus the progress of the case has been nothing more than a demonstration that the right to decide a question regarding rates has passed from the commissions to the Supreme Bench. We do not like this trend. It is harmful to set the court in continuous opposition to state legislative bodies. It is perilous to lodge all examinations of property evidence in one body. It is bad for the utilities, it may prove dangerously inflammable in so far as public opinion is concerned, and in the end it will not solve the problem.

PUBLISHER'S PROGRESS

COMPLIMENTS in plenty are doubtless showered upon publishers fortunate enough to unearth a fascinating novelist or a bedazzling poet. One fancies that the office of a bookman who deals in favorite authors must be a veritable storehouse for bouquets, literal and otherwise. From the especial point of view of this magazine, it is a genuine pleasure to commend the Macmillan Company for a publishing venture which, though probably not destined to create unending literary chatter, might almost be said to inaugurate a new era in American reading. The first volume of the Abbé Henri Bremond's vast *Literary History of Religious Thought in France*, appearing in English translation, makes possible the belief that if the work as a whole is issued and assimilated here, a great change in the trend of Catholic thought—and indeed of Christian thought generally—will be the result. In it there are both a critical breadth which may prove corrective of limitations and an expository richness which cannot fail to add much to our store of insight.

While we do not doubt that unusual competence is one of the Abbé Bremond's chief characteristics (it has earned for him a seat in the Academy and the respect of all prominent European critics) it seems to us that the value of his books is due primarily to a different gift. This is his sense of the vitality of religious experience. He does not forget, while writing as a literary historian, that Christianity is never only a thing of the past—that it is not a rule but a life, of the grain which has been cast on good soil and of the mustard seed which has grown into a branching tree. Paradoxically enough the modern world, created largely, in so far as spiritual outlook is concerned, by the Romantic movement, has been on the one hand

dedicated to the service of spontaneity and on the other hand pledged to the belief that the real efficacy of the Church ceased upon the demise of the middle-ages.

Turn to the volume now published and you will see the Catholic principle busily absorbing and transforming the mind of the renaissance. "Devout humanism" is the name which the Abbé Bremond finds for the magnificent advance sponsored during the seventeenth century by the Jesuits and eventually crowned by Saint Francis de Sales. It was not the theory of one man or one group, but the splendid effort of an age which came to a halt with the acceptance of Pascal's diatribes and the accession of Louis XIV. How many appealing figures are here literally dug out of oblivion and made to interest us deeply, unforgettably! Pierre Camus, Bishop of Belley, author of scores of novels, friend of saints, preacher and mystical writer as well as master of an incisive wit; Yves de Paris, undoubtedly the noblest personality ever associated with the French Capucins; Louis Richeome, forerunner and exemplar of the Jesuits humanists; and many other, to the number of whom the later volumes of this *Literary History* add largely. Nothing less than the spiritual life of an epoch is here set forth, sympathetically and yet discerningly.

It is difficult to define this "movement" in a few words. But possibly we may declare that, starting with the dogmatic declarations of the Council of Trent and accepting the view of grace formulated by Jesuit theology, these men—some of whom, let us not forget, were great saints—adopted resolutely the view that culture was the modern road to mystical achievement. They made the initial stages easy because they made them natural. But the road led up and up, toward that lofty ideal which Saint Francis de Sales proposed for the nuns under his care. Thus there was set over and above the ceaselessly active time a crown of mystical ardor, in striving for which all else might be sublimated and uplifted. And though they failed to triumph, in the end, over either the world or disparate spiritual plans, they seem right to us of the present, at least in one respect: they understood that, for the western world, the universe of the spirit is always a genuinely organic thing. Christianity grew by absorbing Greek thought, Hebraic fervor, Roman jurisprudence. We cannot make it grow again by cutting it off from the processes of assimilation. We cannot preach both the Gospel and a gospel of the past.

We wish these books great success. To one who has read the French originals, the English version will, of course, seem a little cumbersome. The flexibility and meticulousness of the Bremond French are not conserved, although the translator offers a readable text edited with care. It suffices to be grateful for good work done, and to register the conviction that few literary achievements are so likely to benefit those who avail themselves of a real opportunity.

FOR THE GOOD NAME OF FRANCE

By DENIS GWYNN

QUITE recently the French government has announced its intention, in spite of vehement criticism by many of its supporters, of conceding to certain missionary congregations some part at least of the rights of property and of freedom of action which they have vainly sought since their suppression. This concession is all the more significant because it is symptomatic of the general trend of policy on the part of recent French governments, and it is admittedly a confession by the politicians of France that their previous policy inflicted injury upon the interests of France itself.

M. Poincaré and M. Briand, who are now firmly overriding the opposition of their Radical supporters in insisting that the Catholic foreign missions must be given liberty to develop, and must even be positively encouraged by the government, are themselves men of the Left in politics. Before the war they were both prominently identified with the attack upon the Church; and M. Briand was actually responsible in the Chamber of Deputies for drafting the law of separation between the Church and the state. Yet the same M. Briand, as an older man, has since become personally responsible for restoring the diplomatic relations with the Holy See, which he had destroyed before the war.

But even this striking contrast between the early intentions and the subsequent repentance of anti-Catholic politicians who have been forced by experience to admit their mistakes, is less startling than the extraordinary triumph of the Church in France over the determined attempt which was made four years ago to renew the religious persecution. The story of that attempt and its failure may help to illuminate the whole subject.

When the great war broke upon France, anti-Catholic politicians had been in undisputed control of the whole administration for many years. They had broken off all connection between the government and the Church. They had confiscated Church property, driven the religious communities into exile and forbidden the continuance of novitiates for any religious communities except a few congregations of nuns who were indispensable for the maintenance of their hospitals. They had banished all religious teaching from the schools and compelled the Catholics to contribute to the upkeep of state schools, which the Catholics dislike so much that they have founded Catholic schools out of their own resources all over France.

France is today the most interesting country in the world from the Catholic point of view. On the one hand, an intellectual renaissance, enlivened by fervent faith, has attracted the notice of thinkers everywhere; on the other hand, a new era of conciliation between the Church and the government seems to have dawned. This last is discussed here by a man whose books on modern France have been read with deep interest, and whose qualifications are sympathy, knowledge and good sense. We invite our readers to give special attention to Mr. Gwynn's article.—The Editors.

They maintain these "free" schools without a subsidy of any kind, rather than entrust the education of their children to state schools, for which even the fables of La Fontaine had been expurgated in the text-books for small children so that they might never even hear the name of God.

This process had been continued with such determination, off and on, for over a hundred years, that religion was in fact being stamped out, as each new generation was further discouraged from preserving any contact with the Church. It must be remembered that before the war the proportion of practising Catholics in France had sunk to a feeble minority of the whole people. In certain districts, notably in the northwest, in the extreme southwest, and to some extent also in the north, the Catholics had kept the Catholic tradition and atmosphere alive and vigorous. But in great tracts of France the Church was apparently moribund, retaining little influence or vitality in relation to the ordinary life of the people.

Even in the army and the navy the same anti-religious policy was mercilessly followed. Black lists were drawn up at the War Office recording the names of all officers who were known to be Catholics or to send their children to the Catholic voluntary schools; and they were studiously kept from promotion. In some cases they were even deprived of their positions; and the future Marshal Foch was for this reason dismissed from command of the Staff College. The system of conscription also gave great opportunities for estranging the young conscripts from the Church during their three years of military service. All military and naval chaplains had been abolished and the conscripts were actually discouraged from practising their religion.

Such, very briefly, was the situation of the Church when the great war came. Its results produced an enormous change. The immediate danger of death in action brought about a sudden religious revival; and all over France, people who had never gone to church for years now crowded to Mass or to light candles for the safety of their relatives who were fighting at the front. There was an immediate clamor for military chaplains, and the government had to give way. The exiled members of the religious congregations came flocking back from all corners of the world, on foot, on tramp steamers, by every possible means of conveyance; and within a few years they were earning military decorations in hundreds for their heroic devotions at the front.

The priests themselves gained a new contact with the people and especially with the men of France in the trenches, and became widely popular instead of being despised. And gradually it was found that nearly all of the new military commanders who rose to the highest positions on every front by their services in the field were Catholics. Marshal Foch became Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied forces. Marshal Petain became Commander in Chief of the French army. Marshal Lyautey performed miracles with a minimum of troops in Morocco. Marshal Franchet d'Eperey was placed in command at Salonika, and drove Bulgaria out of the war. General Gouraud became the hero of Gallipoli. General Mangin was the creator, as well as the heroic leader of France's colonial troops. Old General de Castelnau, who had saved Verdun with Mangin's aid, was on the Supreme War Council. Marshal Fayolle commanded all the armies based upon Paris. General Weygand converted the débâcle of the Polish army before Warsaw into a triumphant rout of the Bolshevik advance. It is difficult to estimate the prestige which these men brought to the Church.

By the end of the war, the whole position of the Church had changed. In the Bloc National Parliament which followed it, M. Briand found it necessary to follow the example of so many other countries and revive the diplomatic connection with the Holy See. He had himself formerly abolished it, but he now found it indispensable to protect French diplomatic interests. A papal nuncio arrived in Paris, and resumed his traditional position as head of the diplomatic corps. And within a year he had evolved in friendly negotiation with the government, a legal status for the Church, authorizing it to own property and giving it definite legal rights.

Then the question of the French foreign missions became urgent, not only the missions, but the schools conducted abroad by the teaching orders which had been expelled from France, and which had since built up enormously important centres of French influence in distant countries. The war casualties had decimated their members; and the missions were rapidly passing into the hands of other countries. France was threatened with a loss of prestige and influence abroad just when she needed it most. But without novitiates in France they could not revive or even carry on their great work for France. M. Briand now proposed measures to assist them by modifying the pre-war legislation. M. Poincaré took the same view.

By 1924 the Church had consolidated its position to such an extent that the Catholics generally felt that they need never seriously fear persecution again. But in the elections that year there was a landslide to the Left, and M. Herriot was returned with a triumphant majority, pledged as the leader of the Radicals to revive the traditional policy of his party toward the Church.

The Catholics had refused to take his threats seri-

ously, and they were appalled at the impenitently sectarian spirit shown in his program speech. M. Herriot announced that he would proceed at once to abolish the diplomatic relations with the Holy See. He would expel all the religious communities which had come back for military service during the war and which had been allowed without interference by the previous government to reopen their schools and other institutions quietly. He would even impose upon the recovered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, against their wishes, the same system of undenominational education which was in force throughout France.

There was no apparent reason why M. Herriot should fail in his efforts, for he showed that he was determined to override any possible resistance. But financial troubles were quickly paralyzing his government, and when the final abolition of the embassy to the Vatican was only a matter of weeks, he was suddenly brought down by the threatened collapse of the franc. For the next year, until the country clamored in despair for the recall of M. Poincaré, no government had time to consider any other question than the financial chaos which threatened to engulf France. After M. Herriot fell, a succession of short-lived governments was compelled to keep a truce from political controversies; but the majority in the Chamber remained as bitterly anti-Catholic as it had been when it was first elected. The agitation of the Catholics in self-defense had only hardened their resolution to persist in the attack, as soon as financial stability had been restored. And even when M. Poincaré was recalled to form a government in the same Chamber which had been elected to drive him out of office, he had given many pledges in advance that he was still an uncompromising man of the Left.

It took time for his achievement in stabilizing the franc to be consolidated, and then the elections of the last year were held. He still depended for his support upon a parliament which contained a strong anti-Catholic majority; and his election program had been drafted to satisfy their requirements. He played his cards with such dexterity that the elections were fought on the issue of confidence in him as Prime Minister, just as the previous elections had been fought on the issue of whether he should be turned out of office. And whereas he had lost the elections of 1924 with the Radicals against him, he now swept the country with Radical support.

Why, we must ask, has the anti-Catholic program of M. Herriot not been carried on under these new conditions? Within a few months of the new Chamber's being elected, the franc was so securely established that the government could resume the tasks of internal politics. The strangely miscellaneous Coalition which had been returned as supporters of M. Poincaré soon showed that they were chiefly anxious to dissociate themselves from the conservatives and to proclaim themselves ardent Republicans. The old fear of every political party in France of having any

party more extreme than itself on its Left asserted itself; and it looked as though the new Chamber was virtually the same in complexion as that which M. Herriot had led.

But there was a difference. For in the recently elected Chamber nearly one-third of the deputies are new members, and their attitude toward political problems reflects the new feelings produced by the war. Above all they have learned the surprising lesson of the past few years, which revealed to the amazement of M. Herriot and his colleagues the enormous latent power of the Catholics even in a half-paganized France. They have been convinced that M. Herriot made the mistake of a lifetime in renewing the attack upon the Church, and in thinking that the Catholics were helpless because they were unorganized when he attacked them.

His attack had conjured up forces of which the anti-clerical materialists had never conceived the power; and the new Chamber faces the future in a very chastened spirit. M. Herriot's program speech in 1924 was scarcely launched when the Catholics discovered that the war had provided them with new leaders, with new courage and a new resourcefulness.

They were more numerous than anyone dreamed. And when the Jesuit Père Doncoeur, as one of the heroes of the war, with a string of military medals and the wounds of devoted service in many battles, gave a lead to the other army chaplains by announcing that the government might put him in prison or execute him, but that he would never consent to go into exile again, there was a response from every corner of the country where the army chaplains had returned as local heroes to the parishes in which they had been formerly despised. In Brittany especially, where the Catholics were most numerous and most easily organized, there was a leader of national stature, of great courage and intellectual powers, and of unique experience—the newly appointed archbishop of Rennes, Cardinal Charost.

All over France, in the most unexpected places, this sudden and unexpected defiance arose where the anti-clericals had never encountered resistance before. The ex-army chaplains—from whose numbers nearly all the recent vacancies in bishoprics have been filled—formed themselves into a compact militant association, which defied the government to attack it and pledged itself to resist attack in any part of France. And still more formidable, the National Catholic Federation sprang into existence in every diocese, enrolling tens of thousands of Catholics everywhere, organizing monster demonstrations of protest in every important town against the anti-clerical proposals. It extended its numbers and its organization with such rapidity that it attained a membership of nearly three millions, which is far greater than any political association of any kind in France.

For the first time the Catholic forces had been organized, and the new Federation had found a national

figure to lead them, in the veteran General de Castlenau. M. Herriot's downfall and the embarrassment of the subsequent Radical governments gave a breathing space to the Catholics to consolidate their organization and to prepare plans for any eventuality. When M. Poincaré emerged triumphant from his hard struggle with bankruptcy, he was confronted with a situation in which the policies of M. Herriot could no longer even be attempted.

The problem today for the Catholic forces is, what is to be done with their new and powerful organization? How much does it really represent beyond the enrollment of every practising Catholic, without regard to political differences on all other matters? General de Castlenau makes no claim to be the leader of a political party. It is more than doubtful whether any Catholic party as such could even be formed. There are as many advanced democrats among the members of the Catholic Federation as there are staunch conservatives of the old school; and any attempt to unite them in a common program would inevitably split the Catholic forces from top to bottom.

But one new factor in the situation during the past two years demands attention. The condemnation of the neo-royalist movement, the Action Française, is too complicated a question to discuss in any detail here. But its main bearing on the question is quite simple. The royalist Action Française has been condemned by the Holy See because it claimed that the Church was identified with the politics of the extreme Right, just as the democratic Sillon was condemned before the war for a similar claim that the Church was identified with democracy. But the condemnation of the Action Française has a far greater importance than the condemnation of the comparatively small movement of the Sillon; inasmuch as it dissociates the Church finally from the die-hard royalist influences which have for generations provided the politicians with a legitimate pretext for suspicion that the Church was always seeking to create an opportunity to overthrow the republic.

But to the new generation the Pope's intervention has brought a hopefulness which can scarcely be conveyed in words. For generations the problems of the Church in France have been affected profoundly by the drift into the towns. Within eighty years the urban population of France has trebled in numbers. It is among this new concentration of the people into the towns that the chief hope of the Catholic revival must lie. The countryside, where it has not retained its Catholic atmosphere, is moribund; but the towns are growing fast, with a new need for new churches and for Catholic organization among people who have to a great extent lost all contact with the Church. Among them the old suspicion that the Church was identified with royalism has been a constant and almost an insuperable obstacle, until the recent act of the Holy See. It is in that light that the Church in France is facing its new problems and opportunities.

HOW LINCOLN DRESSED

By THOMAS J. MALONE

CERTAIN writers of late have sought to disprove or ameliorate the tradition of Abraham Lincoln's clothes. As if it were not hard enough these days to maintain some grip on the real Lincoln in the face of the efforts of the lily painters! His contemporaries labored under no such weakness. There are Tom Taylor's lines in *London Punch*: ". . . his length of shambling limb, his furrowed face, his gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair, his garb uncouth. . . ." Yet, "God's plan and measure of a stalwart man."

Only the other day a national advertisement of men's clothing suggested an assured relation between filial respect and paternal habiliments. Its text, beginning "Sons and daughters respect a well-dressed father," implied, in a way, that sons and daughters do not respect an ill-dressed father.

Lincoln might have smiled. From the time when he first became a father, back in 1843, to his death twenty-two years later, he seemed oblivious of any danger of jeopardizing his standing with his sons—he had no daughter—by ignoring the niceties pertaining to apparel for men.

How he was dressed is part of the endearing picture that America cherishes of him. During his Illinois life, from his getting a foothold in the law, his usual everyday attire consisted of black frock coat, black trousers and black stovepipe hat, as the approved garb of the professional man of his time and place, along with white shirt and stiff stock or black silk cravat. That by itself may not sound unpromising, but the sleeves of the coat seem regularly to have been too short and the legs of the trousers likewise, the wearer's extraordinarily long arms and legs defying a fit. Besides, a chronic state of bagginess afflicted elbows and knees. The hat was often worn for so long that it was void of nap, and lustreless, faded by wind and weather. The waistcoat was wrinkled.

In warm weather, a coat of lighter material, or a linen duster, replaced the frock; and in the picture is the old green umbrella with the cord tied about its middle, and the carpet-bag that accompanied him from court to court on the circuit. In winter he wore a short cloak, sometimes a grey shawl around his shoulders.

H. C. Whitney, who had practised with Lincoln on the circuit in his later years, said: "His coat and vest hung closely on his giant frame and his trousers were usually a little short."

A son of Judge David Davis, before whom many of Lincoln's cases were tried, said of Lincoln, in retrospect: "I thought his clothes were too short for him, especially his coat."

A second son came to Mr. Lincoln in 1846, a third

in 1850 and a fourth, the last, in 1853. No marked difference in the father's garmenture is recorded as having followed any of these arrivals. Of him at thirty-seven, which was in 1846, Sandburg says: "He was known as one of the most carelessly dressed men in Springfield."

That indifference to clothes went back to boyhood habit, environment, necessity. As a boy in Indiana, from his eighth year to his majority, his clothes were the clothes of the frontier—breeches and moccasins of deerskin, a linsey-woolsey blouse or shirt, a coon-skin cap. He went barefoot in summer, of course.

There is an immortal description of him in his late teens, when he had attained his full height of six feet four and weighed about one hundred sixty pounds, twenty-four short of his usual weight in maturity:

Cap, made from skin of squirrel or coon; linsey-woolsey shirt; buckskin breeches, baggy, lacking several inches of meeting the tops of his shoes, which were low when he had any shoes, thereby exposing his shin-bone, sharp, blue and narrow.

It was not long after this that he hired out as a flatboat hand "working at \$8.00 a month," as he told later in a campaign speech,

possessing only one pair of breeches, which were of buckskin which shrank until they grew so short that they left a permanent blue streak around his legs.

Among the tasks first to engage him after arriving in Illinois and leaving his parents' home as a twenty-one-year old man to shift for himself, was that much recorded "splitting of 400 rails for every yard of blue jeans dyed with walnut bark, that would be necessary to make him a pair of trousers." Holland says that in his first year in Illinois he "wore trousers made of flax and tow, cut tight at the ankle, and out at both knees."

His hat the next year was of felt, "low-crowned, wide-brimmed." That was the hat he wore to New Orleans on the trip for Denton Offut. When he took up surveying, his first fee was in the shape of two buckskins which he had "foxed" on to his trouser legs to protect them in brush and high grass.

There was value in those days, if not purpose, in a disregard of fashionable apparel. Just as his father's various log cabins were representative of the dwellings of the rank and file of settlers in the Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois of his time, so A. Lincoln's accoutrements, from decade to decade, were about the average observed by and expected of a man of his condition and associations. People of the West looked with suspicion on fine clothes; and canny politicians, of whom Lincoln was one of the canniest, eschewed them.

While in Congress (1847 to 1849) Mr. Lincoln

saw regularly such products of other social processes as the grandly impressive Daniel Webster, the punctilious John Quincy Adams, the aristocratic Robert C. Winthrop, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi. He went to Massachusetts in 1848 to make some speeches for the Whig party, and heard the polished Rufus Choate, and spoke from the same platform with William H. Seward. But he returned to Springfield pretty much the same as before—in clothes, in ideas about clothes and in other ways.

With his retirement from Congress and the adoption of the Compromise of 1850, he gave up political activity and plunged into law practice. His second son, Edward, died early in 1850. There were Robert and William Wallace Lincoln, the latter born late that year, to develop respect, or its lack, for their father by observance of his raiment in the next few years. He was to be at home much of the time in those years, except when off on the circuit, wearing long, black coats with short sleeves—or the old linen duster—and long, black trousers with short legs, and tending the family horse and cow and splitting the family wood like any other good Springfield householder.

Championing the cause of slavery exclusion from the federal territories, the baggy elbows and knees entered the debate with Stephen A. Douglas in 1858 for the latter's seat in the United States Senate.

In that year, Robert Lincoln was fifteen, Willie was eight and Tad five. The two older children were getting along to where children take notice. There was "the little giant," idol of Illinois Democrats, riding to speaking engagements in special trains—Douglas, "the glass of fashion," according to a biographer—and there was "A. Lincoln" of the gaunt frame and the dubiously fitting clothes traveling as he might, in the ways open to the ordinary citizen, yet becoming a national figure and spiking the Douglas guns so effectually as to insure his defeat for the Presidency two years thereafter. Still history is silent as to whether those children were beginning to regard their father with some uneasiness.

When, in 1860, A. Lincoln, western leader of the new Republican party, exponent of slavery prohibition in the territories, was introduced in Cooper Institute to that gathering of 1,500 of the most prominent and intelligent of New York City and neighborhood—introduced by William Cullen Bryant, a precise gentleman groomed to the last whisker—what the observers saw was a tall cedar of a man wearing an agglomeration of patently new clothes that fell about him in grotesque creases, in creases achieved on the trip in his snugly packed satchel! He had neglected to have the suit pressed after arrival that very day. Still, when he had spoken only a few minutes, his audience forgot how this curious figure was dressed in the thrall of what he was saying and how he was saying it.

On March 4, 1861, he addressed a divided nation:

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. . . . The mystic cords of memory—" Who today can say those words without a catch in the throat? Robert, eighteen, could follow them; but, being human, he may have been impressed more even than Willie, eleven, and Tad, eight, by the unwonted grandeur of a father appearing in new black, outfitted from boots to tall hat—including "new black whiskers," as Dr. Barton delightfully reminds us.

The exactions of the Presidency remade Mr. Lincoln, to some extent, sartorially. So far as his cultivated and socially informed wife could influence him, he tried to conform to the apparel demands of his station. But four years in the White House failed to erase the picture of the "A. Lincoln" of three prairie decades. Toward that picture, his contemporaries have left testimony hard to controvert; and it needs no controverting. Worn linsey-woolsey, shapeless coonskin and baggy broadcloth cry for no defense, justify no shame, were no bar to eminence or the heart of a people. They are dear to America as part of the eternal glory that is Abraham Lincoln.

Emily Dickinson

In a far land, beyond the spires of Amherst,
Walks one primly in a garden of dreams,
Tending the lily,
As once she tended the rose,
Her spirit yet being native to the earth
As when a while she dwelt there—a New England nun.

Cloistered, she played I-spy with some odd deities,
A pilgrim of far Salem kin
Administering scourges tempered to her kind
In that they were sedately plied.

Pale were the fires of passion in her spent!
And pale the longing for a love denied!
Pale the fine sacrifice!
Yea, and the angel plumage very slightly scorched!

Amherst early revered, in this rare presence,
That which so tardily is recognized
As starshine in the congeries of life,

She burned as does a candle in the sun,
Casting a spell of bay leaves on the air
Pungent and hinting of a Pentecost
Somewhere in regions of a kindling soul.
Hers was the gentle mortal privilege—
Albeit sterile in her own felicity
And shy of voice—

To sing;
Urging, persuading others freshly to inhale
Even the breath of life.

So she remains in a far garden, busy
With buds and blooms of mercy, as may be;
Thinking, perchance, of Amherst and such things
As made and make New England what it is;
Counting the heart-beats of the dandelions
And the steps that the sunflowers take.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

FATHER OF THE PHILIPPINES

By ANDREW G. HALEY

WHEN Major-General Frank McIntyre was retired from the active service last month, by operation of the sixty-four-year age limit regulation of the army, Mr. Pedro Guevara, Resident Commissioner in Congress from the Philippines, said to me:

Major-General McIntyre is the father of the Philippines. He has done more for our islands than any other American. It is with a genuine feeling of regret and a keen sense of loss that we see him leave the Bureau of Insular Affairs, which he has administered so well for so many years.

War Department documents, newspaper comment since our acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippines, and the expressions of regard of high officials in this country and in our island possessions, indicate that Mr. Guevara's pronouncement is no exaggeration. These sources further reveal that the General's official actions throughout his entire career have been the subject of similar praise. Yet he is a soldier who dislikes publicity, and has never sought glory while performing his duties.

The opening years of the twentieth century found the United States in control of extraterritorial possessions. To guide these islands from war to peace was an arduous task; but far more difficult was the problem of giving them a civil government and preparing them for nationhood without at the same time reducing them to a colonial dependency. The inhabitants were a peculiarly sensitive people, with a tradition and civilization different from ours. Lack of tact or of understanding on the part of our administering officers might result in a hopeless débâcle, which would leave a grievous stain upon our history. Only a master of tact and of statecraft could act as intermediary between them and the United States government, and keep the confidence and respect of both parties. Already in those early years, presidential candidates were pointing with an accusing finger at our insular policies. Taft was sent to the Philippines to make a report on the condition of those islands. His statement lost much of its effect because people held it was tinged with policy dictated by his position as the Republican standard-bearer. It was not until 1916 that a report was made which received the approval of widely divergent groups. The man who made this report was General McIntyre.

His rise as our authority on insular affairs was invaluable. Since his promotion to the office of Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, he has gained for himself an international reputation as a colonial administrator. The British have produced in recent years only one man like him—Gordon. His remark-

able tact, his ability to catch the viewpoint of the Filipino and Porto Rican, and to sympathize with it, quickly gained for him their absolute trust and respect. He has used this faculty to the common benefit of the United States and the islands.

Before he was assigned to the Bureau of Insular Affairs he had seen active service in Porto Rico and the Philippines. His knowledge of Spanish and his remarkable faculty for getting along with the Filipino native earned for him important posts in our Asiatic islands. From the very first days of our occupancy he held important administrative positions connected with them. Shortly after the termination of the Philippine insurrection he was placed on the newly created general staff—a coveted post for a young army officer. His first direct connection with the Bureau of Insular Affairs came in 1905. He was promoted to the rank of major in 1907 and was made a colonel in 1910 while detailed as assistant to Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards, then chief of the Bureau. In 1912 General Edwards was ordered to command an army post at Fort Russell, Wyoming. McIntyre succeeded Edwards as chief of the Bureau with rank of brigadier-general. His promotion to major-general came on October 6, 1917.

The qualities which distinguished his administration of insular affairs served the nation in good stead during the world war. He served as Chief Military Censor, in addition to his other duties, from June 9, 1917, until June 17, 1918. He was made executive assistant to the chief of staff on July 1, 1918, in which capacity he served until December 31, 1919. His presence in the General Staff Corps was especially desirable. In such a high-strung, extremely important military organization, his tact and sound judgment oiled the machinery and made it move faster. Upon the completion of his general staff duties, he returned to the Insular Bureau.

General McIntyre's record in the Bureau is too involved to be discussed in detail. In his capacity as chief he has had to make purchases in this country of supplies for the islands, he has advised the island governments in matters financial and has handled their financial transactions in this country, he has assembled and published statistics concerning insular trade, commerce and immigration, and he has been the medium of communication between the War Department and the island governments.

He has been intrusted with many important missions. President Wilson found him especially valuable as an impartial investigator of Philippine conditions. His work in Santo Domingo is still well known. His ability as a financial expert has saved the insular possessions incalculable sums.

One instance of his keenness in fiscal matters is contained in the report of the governor of Porto Rico for 1918. During that year the Porto Rican Food Commission faced a serious shortage of rice, one of the principal foods of the island. Speculation in the rice market in the United States had made the price too high for Porto Rican consumption. By accident General McIntyre saw a cablegram sent by the Food Commission, which contained an inquiry directed to a New York correspondent asking for the whereabouts of a cheap rice market. The General acted with characteristic keenness. He negotiated for the use of the *Camilla Rickmers*, a seized German ship in the harbor of Manila, and had it ordered to Saigon, where a cargo of rice was purchased at a price much less than the American quotation. The ship was scheduled to return by way of the Panama Canal, but the Navy requisitioned her to act as a tender to a flotilla which was going by way of Suez to European waters. Word was received that the rice was spoiling because of the heat and the long voyage. The ship was then in the Mediterranean. A considerable loss was avoided when the rice was sold to the Italian government. The final results of the sale showed that a net profit of \$500,000 was made. In the meantime the rice speculators in Louisiana were beginning to lose by endeavoring to take advantage of wartime conditions, and the new crop was ready, so the commodity was purchased near at hand at a much lower price. The report says:

To Major-General Frank McIntyre, Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, is due the success of this transaction, which he handled in the ablest manner for the commission.

At the present time and for many years past civilian workers in the island establishments have been selected

by civil service examinations. In the early days, however, General McIntyre closely scrutinized candidates for insular jobs. Many of them recall with a deep sense of gratitude his kindly advice and words of encouragement for the difficult tasks which confronted them. Many of the school superintendents and teachers who journeyed to the far-off Philippines faced real missionary conditions. The story of the way in which American ideals and methods of improving social conditions were carried to the islands is one of the romances of our history. In this manner, America has prepared her possessions not for colonial subjugation, but for real autonomy.

When Philippine independence commissions came to Washington, General McIntyre was the man who received them and presented them to officials. His sincerity and tactfulness has enabled him never to blunder in this very difficult task. Not achieving their end has never caused the individual delegates to turn against him. On the contrary his relations with them are most cordial. Witness the fact that when the General visited the Philippines in 1920, the legislature of those islands adopted a resolution making him their guest during his stay, because he "has rendered distinguished services to the Filipino people."

During the last session of the Philippine legislature the fact came up that their great friend in Washington was about to be retired. They realized that General McIntyre had been too important for their welfare to let go. So they passed an act creating the office of trade commissioner in Washington, which they hoped the General would accept. He has, and in this office he will coöperate with the resident commissioners and the Insular Bureau, in looking after the interest of Philippine trade and commerce.

EDUCATING CHICAGO

By EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK

PROFESSOR GEORGE S. COUNTS'S *School and Society in Chicago* (Harcourt, Brace and Company) is an important book based on a new conception of educational sociology. Its methods and technique will ultimately rescue that field from the phrase- and shibboleth-makers. Ostensibly the treatise deals with the educational situation in the public schools of Chicago in which one William McAndrew was the storm centre. It is, in fact, a discussion of the social (and the anti-social) forces playing on the Chicago schools for control. The Chicago situation is presented in all its "blatant crudeness," not to preserve a rare sociological specimen, but because it reveals very clearly the tremendous stake involved—nothing less than our system of public education. As Professor Counts very properly says:

The result may be a loss of faith in this institution as a great constructive and liberating social instrument, but

such a loss of faith may mark a distinct advance over that smug complacency with which students of education have ignored the social medium in which the school must perform its task.

The Chicago situation shows, however, a general situation with more melodrama, with more color, with more abandon than any other situation, but "in practically no large city of the country will the history of the control of education bear careful scrutiny."

The book is divided into four parts. The first is a summarizing statement of the situation in Chicago during the McAndrew episode, especially the dismissal, which sets the problem for the book. In close conjunction with this is a condensed statement of the growth of the city, with its 3,000,000 people drawn from all the races of mankind and all the corners of the globe, its extraordinary increase in population, and the population elements, the industrial development

and its economic elements, the political life and its great melodramatic star, Thompson, and the growth of the public school itself from the first school in 1816, when Chicago was a frontier post, through the 410 pupils in 1841, four years after incorporation, to the half-million students in 1926, financed by a \$70,000,000 budget and operated by 15,000 persons, 12,000 of whom are teachers.

The second section deals with the division of authority in the school system. A fine introductory statement is given in this part, contrasting the anatomy of school system from the dead skeleton of the law with the actual living social tissue of the functioning system. This section deals largely with the fight between the Chicago Teachers Federation and the Superintendent of Schools, particularly over the Teachers Council. On that point it would seem, from Professor Counts's discussion, the teachers were more nearly right than the Superintendent. Certainly a school system which formally utilized the day-to-day experience of the teachers, or at least gave an opportunity for expression of teacher needs and experience, was a better educational organization than the hierarchic system substituted. But Professor Counts's purpose is not to make a judgment, but to reveal the social forces at work.

The third part deals with the play of social forces on the school, the Association of Commerce, the Federation of Labor, the women's clubs, the churches, the political forces centering in the city hall and the press. Here is educational and sociological realism! A great service is rendered to public education by this presentation—and yet greater services will be rendered if the point of view and technique of Professor Counts are carried out more fully to the lairs of actual social power. The point of view of this section is illustrated by this paragraph:

If the conduct of a great system of public education took place in a social vacuum instead of in the seething and tumultuous milieu of a modern industrial centre, it would of necessity be an extremely complicated and arduous business. The task of coördinating and reconciling the ideas, efforts and interests of a board of education, a superintendent of schools, a large supervisory staff and 12,000 teachers, not to mention a huge force of custodians and a half-million pupils, surpasses in difficulty the mythical labors of Hercules. The management of the Chicago schools, with Chicago left out of the picture, is in itself a labor calculated to daunt the stoutest heart. Bring this surging metropolis back into the picture and place the program of education in its natural environment, and the problem of directing the schools in harmony with a rational formulation of ends approaches, if it does not reach, the point of insolubility. The educational system, manifesting within itself the processes of birth, growth, decay and conflict, is perpetually pushed and pulled and molded by a vast array of external forces.

We cannot give in any detail the picture of the working of these forces, but readers of *The Common-*

weal cannot but be specially interested in what Professor Counts says about the Catholics and the Church in the Chicago school situation. Approximately 45 percent of the Chicago population are Catholics, 45 percent are Protestants, and 10 percent are Jews. That is a fundamental fact in the situation, and another is that one-half of the Catholic children of Chicago are in public schools. Professor Counts has unfortunately used the term "Church of Rome" or "Rome" when he means Chicago Catholics or a number of "group-conscious Chicago Catholics." Professor Counts says, for example:

In the past they [the Protestants] have occupied the seats of power, but with the coming of immigrants from the Catholic countries of Europe, the Church of Rome has gradually gained strength, until today she is able to challenge the power of the combined Protestant churches.

Owing to the fact that religious groups appear reluctant to commit their more intimate policies to print, objective data on the question are comparatively meagre and hard to find.

If he means by this that groups of Chicago Catholics are unwilling to print their policies, that is undoubtedly correct, but that the Catholic position is not available, is, of course, not true. When, however, five pages later he says:

the Protestants and the Jews would make the public school a party to the propagation of their own particular faiths, and the Catholics would threaten the very existence of the institution,

he apparently is mislead or misunderstands, or there are some Chicago Catholics who do not represent the ordinary Catholic position. The Catholic position is generally summarized in the phrase, "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school." It would not destroy the public school, it would not injure it, and for the most part it does not object to paying taxes for public education, because it recognizes the social necessity of the public school. It appreciates exemption from public taxation of schools, and would welcome, undoubtedly, any general social policy which would strengthen it.

One of the bases for the Catholic attitude is its sense of appreciation of the very great educational and moral importance of the religious faith of the children, and the danger to it in the public school. Professor Counts himself gives an example. He says:

At one point, however, Protestant influences have been permitted to penetrate the public educational system. Through the Hi-Y clubs the Young Men's Christian Association has introduced work of a semi-religious character into twenty-six high schools. . . . Yet in spite of their apologists, the fact remains that the Hi-Y clubs are Protestant institutions and are consequently centres of Protestant influence in the public schools.

Professor Counts does yeoman service in bringing to bear the facts that dissipate the bogies which Protestants have set up about Catholics and the public

school system, e.g., "the Pope is endeavoring to place a Catholic in every classroom in Chicago." "Bishop Anderson of the Protestant Episcopal Church is often given as authority for the statement that 70 percent of the public school teachers owe allegiance to Rome." Checks of seven typical elementary schools by Protestants show this percentage actually to be 41. The other side is also presented, but Professor Counts finds the stories and rumors "either less abundant or more difficult to discover." The Catholics, in short, seem to be less agitated about the matter than the Protestants.

The final section summarizing the entire book passes to *The Riddle of Control* and makes two recommenda-

tions, that the social forces as such should be represented in the school board itself, and the authority of the professional staff should be greatly increased.

The real contribution of the book is not its recommendations, but the discriminating revelation of the actual social forces at play in a particular school system, in such a way that the general problems of this field of educational sociology are revealed. It is hoped that Professor Counts, now that he has moved to New York, will do a similar job for that city, where social forces are not so crudely blatant but more Machiavelian. The superintendency of a greater than McAndrew, William L. Ettinger, furnishes an admirable organizing centre for the study of the recent past.

THE MASS IN THE FOREST*

By LADISLAS REYMONT

I COULD no longer see the stars. Above our heads the trees rustled gently, and in the darkness could be heard the sound of hushed voices and the echo of footsteps. We walked in Indian file, step by step, through such terrible swamps and quagmires that almost an hour passed before we reached an upland scantily wooded with big, shady trees, and surrounded by impassable swamps.

"Here we are at last, thank God!" cried a joyous voice.

A number of fires were burning on the hill; there was a tremendous bustle and movement, and somewhere in the very middle of the encampment flaming torches were waving and axes swinging.

"They are preparing an altar, and all that is necessary," I was told.

"Are the priests already there?"

"They will not be here before dawn."

After feeding my horse, I went among the people. It was nearly three o'clock; it would not be light for some time yet. I felt the cold more and more, so I strolled among the groups which had gathered around the fires. I finally came across some peasants I knew, and from them I learned that we were in the Kolembrod forests, which I knew only from hearsay.

"A lot of people have come," I remarked, when conversation began to drag.

"There ought to be more than five thousand, although only those have come who are most in need of the priest, and Mass."

"And won't they find us here?"

"Watch is kept in the nearest villages, on the roads

and round the forest; the rest is in God's hands. Nobody can get here and nobody can leave here without permission. The paths are dug up and the bridges removed."

"Then how will the priests get here?"

"Through the swamp, but by a passage known only to old Levczuk. He has gone for them, and will guide them here."

Conversation lagged more and more, for my companions, who were lying near the fire, fell asleep one after the other, and at last I, too, pulled my coat about me, and lying down beside them very soon followed their example.

Day broke, and I was awakened by the cries of birds flying in a long chain over the forest. The tree-tops made a dark, formless blur on the grey sky, and the dim, pearly light began to spread over the earth. I went to have a look at my horse. The whole encampment was as if dead: the people lay buried in deep sleep. A sound of snoring here and there, and thin wisps of smoke rising from the dying fires, were the only signs of life.

Near the wagons tired, watchful eyes were raised to mine, and somebody said: "They are almost here, sir!" pointing toward the east.

On the shoreless sea of greyness I could perceive only the faintest tinge of dawn. The distant quacking of wild ducks could be heard.

"They are making a noise because they have been scared. They are coming that way. We must wake the people," he added, rising briskly.

In a little while the whole hill, still wrapped in obscurity, barely touched by the first rays of dawn, was covered by a swarming multitude: thousands of people moved about in the glow of flaming fires, thousands of heads emerged from the fast paling shadows; the vibrations of a timid, suppressed murmur could be felt, and every moment thousands of burning, expectant eyes were turned toward the east.

* This is the third and last part of a story by Ladislav Reymont which has been appearing in *The Commonwealth*. It deals with events in Hurdy, a village near Biala, which was the centre of Polish opposition to the armed proselytizing which reached a climax after the ukase of Alexander II in 1867. The translation presented here is by Mr. K. Zuk Skarszewska.—The Editors.

At last, after long, painful waiting, cries rang out: "They are here! They have come! Prepare yourselves! To the altar!"

I was caught as by mighty, rolling waves, and carried to the middle of the sacred spot where stood a great tent composed of carpets.

From many sides rose the sharp, compelling command:

"Make room! The women and children in front!"

The order was obeyed without a murmur, and when the women and children stood right before the tent the great crowd of peasants gathered behind them in an enormous half-circle, like an impregnable wall, shoulder to shoulder, and the crush was so great that I did not even attempt to get nearer.

The crowd rocked and swayed, murmuring convulsively like the forest which surrounded us, its thicket of trunks touched by the grey dawn-light, when suddenly a deathlike silence fell upon it. Everybody seemed turned to stone and all hearts trembled.

The wings of the great tent had fallen, and out of the shadows rose a high altar, covered with flowers and brilliant with light, above which bent a figure of Christ rising from the dead, almost naked, blood-stained, with a crown of thorns, and stretching toward the multitude His nail-pierced but all-embracing, merciful hands.

A burning wind of sighs broke from the people, mingled with tearful cries and heartfelt groans:

"Christ! Christ! Oh, merciful God!"

Silence again fell. The white-robed priest, carrying the monstrance and the cup, slowly mounted the steps of the altar—mounted and grew until he stood above the crowd and appeared before their longing eyes in a glory of light, like an angel—placed the golden monstrance on high at the feet of Christ, knelt, and then turned to the people.

All heads suddenly bent, like ripe corn swept by the wind, and with one movement, one sigh, one emotion, thousands fell upon their knees.

The altar towered above them, like a radiant vision suspended somewhere in the dim greyness.

The celebration of Mass began. Now and then the little bells tinkled, now and then the chanting voice of the priest was heard, and the brief responses of the ministrants; now and then the swinging censers spread clouds of incense and the golden monstrance rose above the bowed heads, and now and then there was profound silence, broken only by a sound as of falling tears, by fervent sighs and short, fragmentary words of prayer.

The blue-grey dawn-light spread over the sacred spot, the sky became clearer and clearer, the cry of plovers and the quacking of wild ducks rose from the marshes, the forest rocked and sang for a moment and then was silent and bowed, as if listening with bated breath to the trembling murmur of prayers, the tearful song of suppressed weeping, complaints and groans. . . .

The pale mist, creeping up from the swamps, fell upon the bowed heads like hoar frost; the whole vast, motionless multitude lay there like a field plowed into innumerable hard clods, above which rose only the lights of the altar, and Christ, with outstretched, pitying hands. Behind me I could hear low, timid, hasty whisperings:

"They say the soldiers are coming after us from Biala—cossacks and infantry!"

"Holy Virgin!"

"They signaled from the highway—some Jew told them."

"Silence!" said a reproving voice. "Mass is being celebrated!"

"Let them come and take us!" said a strong, firm voice.

Not one rose to flee, and I could see no signs of fear upon any face; silence reigned. Here and there eyes flashed, lips trembled, hands clenched, but they prayed on in profound peace and confidence.

Although almost sure the news was false, I felt uneasy, and instinctively I glanced around, when somebody whispered in my ear:

"It is not true! Do not be afraid, and alarm others!"

The mists disappeared, and day broke bright and serene; the marshes smoked like censers, the forest murmured its morning prayer to the rising sun, the birds sang loudly, and the cold, blue-grey light revealed a vast expanse of bowed heads lost in prayer, hands lifted in adoration, angelic smiles, faces transfigured, eyes full of unfathomable exaltation, lips parted, transfixed in ecstasy. Every soul seemed to be fainting from excess of feeling, lost in some paradise of unutterable felicity.

A certain time passed in this prayerful calm, and then countless lighted candles shone among the kneeling crowd, and all the bells suddenly rang.

The Elevation of the Host began, and when the priest raised aloft the monstrance all fell on their faces, sobs and sighs and short, intense cries, the heart's most sacred accents, falling in the dust before the majesty of God.

"Let them come now and try to take us," said someone near by, when silence had again fallen on the humbly bowed heads.

There was no time for reply, for the priest, scarcely visible in the smoke of censers and the dazzling lights, turned toward the people with the monstrance, and in a loud, ringing voice intoned the Supplication. All my life long I shall never forget that moment.

The multitude rose from its knees, caught the sacred melody with fervent eagerness, and sang with a voice so tremendous that the trees trembled, and the dewdrops fell like rain.

They sang, their rapt eyes on the golden radiance of the monstrance, or perhaps looking into their own souls—I do not know. I know only that the voices of thousands were one immense voice, great as the

world; they were the song of millions, they were the cry from the most secret, hidden depths of humanity, they were the mournful moan from the shadow-world at the gates of eternity, they were the cry of the forgotten earth to God, to the God of love and mercy.

Every soul sang to God its bitter life-song; every soul complained with mournful tears; every soul implored compassion.

Hearts flamed like the burning bush, singing all their unappeased torture, all their faith, singing with all their strength. A hurricane of voices rose slowly from the earth, beat upon the skies, rang louder and louder, and grew, and spread as if over the whole world, as if together with them sang all the forests, and the earth and water, and even the red morning sun, and all creatures. . . .

The singing did not cease until Mass was ended.

After a short rest, and the arrival of a few priests in strange disguises, the real work of the Mission began.

All day long the altar shone with lighted candles, all day long it was besieged by praying crowds, and all day long, almost without ceasing, the priests taught, listened to confessions, gave Communion, married and baptized. More than five thousand people waited ardently for this.

There were many who had walked nearly a hundred miles, stealing through the forests like wolves; there were many grown-up and married, with children, who now heard Mass for the first time in their lives. There were many who were baptized, married, and whose children were baptized at the same time with them. There were also many, and these were the most numerous, who for every Mass they had attended, for every confession, and for the baptism of every child, for marrying, for Polish prayers and for Polish books, were beaten, paid penalties, and for whole months were shut up in prison. Yet they never wavered.

Quiet, simple, calm, faithful, steadfast, unconquerable—such are the people of "Red Podlasia."

The rock that withstood such fearful storms during forty years will withstand new persecutions, will brave everything, everybody. . . .

And that was the end of the Squire's story.

The Dead

Now he climbs the immaculate stair of sleep,
Moves in a new dimension, sees with sight
Unlimited by form and color and light;
Now he hears the terrible waves that sweep
Star thoughts out of the ocean mind of God.
Paying the miser earth in its coin of clod,
He plunges dark for the dawn's immortal flame,
Free from life and the burden of weary breath,
Free to welcome the wonder of spacious death
And walk again in the garden whence he came.

JAMES LEWIS HAYS.

COMMUNICATIONS

GOVERNOR SMITH AND MYSELF

Emporia, Kan.

TO the Editor:—I wish to thank you for your generous review of my book, *Masks in a Pageant*, by Mr. John Gilland Brunini. Will you kindly give me a few lines to correct what seems to me to be an unfair but certainly a pardonable error in the closing paragraph of his review?

Brunini declares that my credibility has been "irretrievably damaged by denouncing Alfred E. Smith" and by "the retraction of his denouncing, and his retraction of his retraction, coupled with contradictory statements on the Republican candidates."

This error, of course, is natural because it was a part of the propaganda of the Democratic National Committee to discredit my discussion of Smith's legislative record. I discussed it always by predicating in terms specifically, my belief in Smith's honesty, his courage and his intelligence. Walter Lippmann, Smith's friend, chief editorial writer of the *New York World*, told me that Smith was hurt because I had included a discussion of his record on prostitution and gambling. I immediately withdrew the discussion of his record on prostitution and gambling.

All of the Democratic newspapers in their headlines and in what the newspapers call their "leads" to my statement, declared that I had retracted when the text of my statement declared that I withdrew but did not in any way retract the charges. The difference is vital. I withdrew the discussion because it hurt Smith. I didn't retract because I felt the charge was untrue. Then when I insisted that they should not garble my statement, it was a part of the Democratic propaganda to insist that I had retracted my retraction, which of course is silly. And when I insisted and reinsisted that I would not discuss Smith's record on prostitution and gambling, but would confine my discussion to his votes on the saloon, the Democratic National Committee through its press section invented the phrase that I had retracted the retraction of my retraction, a smart phrase but utterly false.

As to the Republican candidates, I did not at any time express conflicting views about them. It was by taking phrases out of their setting in various editorials from the *Emporia Gazette*, that the Democratic National Committee made it seem as though I had done so, which was poor propaganda, smart enough from their standpoint but also without basis in fact.

I read your paper every week, admire it tremendously, and hope sincerely that you may be able to give space to this statement.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,

Editor and Owner, the Emporia Gazette.

AN INDIAN MISSION

Salem District, India.

TO the Editor:—Since you are the editor of a widely read and much appreciated paper, I take the liberty of addressing you these few lines, which I hope will enlist your sympathy and interest on behalf of a poor Catholic missionary working at Hosur Cattle Farm in the interior of the Salem District, and belonging to the diocese of Mysore.

My lot, or rather the privilege if I may say so, has been to work all along among the most despised and untouchable pariahs and the other backward classes of southern India,

and that at present in a strip of barren and rocky country in the interior of Salem District which is often visited by scarcity of water and famine.

My people are absolutely illiterate and totally destitute. They live in abject misery and unspeakable poverty. Most of the time they have only one poor meal a day and live in low, thatched houses or huts with their cattle and all in the same apartment. Males or females they have no second garment of any description; therefore, they look so dirty and sickness has such heavy toll among them. Besides these depressing conditions, which make the ministry of the priests so very trying among them, the Christians, on account of their poverty and backward state, are greatly persecuted and oppressed by their Hindu landlords. Even drinking wells are denied to them, and the government dare not interfere in these matters.

They are utterly dependent at present on the Hindu landlords. And in return for their dependence and hard labor, they must rest satisfied with whatever pittance is doled out to them. I do feel, and have always felt and worked assiduously in that direction, that unless and until the lot of our poor Christians is materially and socially improved, there is little chance of Christians commanding the respect of the Hindus or attracting converts to the Faith.

My mission is an extensive one. I have six chapels or churches under me. As they are old mud structures, they are in a dilapidated state and require immediate repairs. This year's heavy rains, while they have brought wreck and ruin in many districts of the presidency, have not spared my poor chapels and the priest's house at Anckal (one of the sub-stations) has to be rebuilt, as its mud walls have given way.

Besides, lately I have secured from the government a few acres of land with the greatest difficulty for my destitute Christians. I want to build a new village entirely of Catholics, and the place has been christened "Adeikalapuram," under the protection of Our Lady the Help of Christians. This new attempt means houses will have to be built, wells sunk, and the land will have to be cleared of overgrowth and plowed. For all this I require at least \$1,000 in your money.

For God's sake, I request you to come to the rescue of a struggling missionary and his needs, and if you only will it, you can help me and make my work a success. And in this world of ours, as you well know, nobody can achieve success unless he is helped by others.

Last year Miss Vialls of the A. P. Faith of England published an appeal on my behalf in the *Annals*, and the *Glasgow Star*. But it brought me no relief. Again this year she appealed on my behalf in the *Irish Catholic*, of which I enclose the cutting sent by her, but so far no response.

The Catholics in England are so few and their own needs are so urgent, they cannot much help foreign missions. Therefore, I appeal through you to the good and generous Americans whom God has blessed in so many diverse ways.

REV. J. I. M. FURTADO.

RELIGION AND POLITICS ELSEWHERE

Ottawa, Canada.

TO the Editor:—If some of your recent correspondents mean—as it seems they mean—to say that a Catholic could not be elected over a Protestant in any Protestant country and that, conversely, no Protestant could be elected over a Catholic in a Catholic country, that statement is, I think, open to serious question. There have been numerous non-Catholic and even anti-Catholic Prime Ministers in Italy and Spain and Presidents in the South American countries. The

same is true of Prime Ministers in France, where, in addition, there is at present a Protestant President. In Czecho-Slovakia, 75 percent Catholic, a non-Catholic President has been in office continuously ever since the country gained its independence. On the other hand, Protestant Germany has recently had, in the person of Dr. Marx, a Catholic Chancellor, elected over Protestant competitors; Jugoslavia, with a large Orthodox majority, has had a Catholic priest for Premier, and Roumania, which is overwhelmingly Orthodox, has just returned a Catholic Premier, giving him a huge majority over his Orthodox rival.

But perhaps the most apt illustration is afforded by Canada, your next-door neighbor. Canada, 60 percent Protestant, has had two Catholic Premiers, the late Sir John Thompson and the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the latter of whom was, at four successive general elections, returned to power by very large majorities over Protestant rivals. The Province of Quebec, on the other hand, about 85 percent Catholic and perhaps in some respects the most Catholic country in the world, has had, in the person of the late Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière, a French Protestant Premier elected over a French Catholic adversary.

Still more striking is the record of individual constituencies in Quebec, in many of which it quite frequently happens that an English Protestant is elected by French Catholics over one of their own race and religion. A notable example is afforded by the case of the late Honorable William McDougall, an English Protestant, who was elected to the Federal House over a French Catholic, by the solidly French and Catholic constituency of Three Rivers. In fact it may be said that French Canadian Catholics can usually be relied on to vote for an English Protestant of their own party in preference to a French Catholic of the opposite party.

W. L. SCOTT.

THE NEGRO

University College, Cork.

TO the Editor:—The late Professor William James told me, more than once, that, "the best student in philosophy that I have ever had at Harvard was a pure-blooded Negro."

That was more than thirty years ago. Through James's kindness, I was with him at a Harvard commencement where the college orator for a class was a Negro.

James had also a house in the South. Were I a Negro, he often said to me, I should not stay in the South a day longer than I could help, under what some southern writers say is not persecution; which James, however, thought he saw to be tyranny over those it would terrorize. For the Negroes of the South he saw no offer, no chance, of "that assured and liberal state of mind" which (Burke felt) alone can make us what we ought to be.

True, the late clerical head of the Protestant Episcopal Ladies' College, Augusta, Maine, used to speak of the patriarchal régime of friendly service and protection on his father's estate in South Carolina, between white masters and Negro slaves. I can well believe it; from the character of the son of the house, who had been a southern officer and ended as a Protestant Episcopal clergyman. He would not allow his daughter to go to history classes in Maine; so cruelly unjust, he thought, to his heroic, ruined country.

Another denizen of Boston, the late John Boyle O'Reilly (as one walked Boston streets with him) seemed to bring sunshine to the faces of all those he knew and greeted. And even to look at him seemed to make unknown lovers or ad-

mirers appear happier and stronger—whites and blacks. As he saw humbler Negroes spreading themselves, of a holiday afternoon, dressed showily, perhaps rough if not rude, loud if not insolent, O'Reilly was pleased. He deplored some white men's irritation at Negroes not keeping, and being kept, in their "place." "There are no savages," he said to me, "except the degraded whites in our great cities." I suppose he did not mean to exclude degraded "civilized" blacks.

I may add that in the first college class I taught in America, one of the best students was a Negro. He sat apart from his fellows, who, I think, were always courteous to him. He was quiet and self-respecting. He became a respected teacher in a Negro college.

W. F. B. STOCKLEY.

TWO COMMENTS ON A CRITICISM

Colchester, Vermont.

TO the Editor:—In my letter published in your issue of January 2, I quoted a few lines from *The Ready Answer*. In this week's number of *The Commonweal* I note that one of your lady correspondents takes vigorous exception to the insinuation that it is desirable for Roman Catholics and Protestants to get together in the same way as do Congregationalists and Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists.

May I point out to her that *The Ready Answer* was one of the series put out during the late political campaign by the Calvert group and that it was circulated to allay suspicion and create harmony and good-will among the followers of Our Lord? It may also be well for her to know that the distinguished editor of this journal is a member of the Calvert group.

Now that she knows where this "heresy" originated I trust she will direct her complaints to the proper parties. It may also interest her to know that the pamphlet from which I quoted came to me from a priest in New England.

I regret that she should think so little of the efforts of her fellow-religionists, but perhaps with her aid they will be able to do better next time. In the meantime I shall continue in my own humble way to create and foster a more fraternal spirit among the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ in all branches of His Church. In this cause I trust I may have the coöperation even of my "separated brethren."

A. RITCHIE LOW.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Admirable though it is, the letter of Elizabeth S. Kite in *The Commonweal* for January 23 seems to me not quite to plumb the depth of the question. I should be inclined to suggest that the reason Catholics cannot fraternize with Protestant sects as those sects do with one another, is that Catholics hold their Church to be the sole authorized exponent of Christianity, and hence the only religious body which as such has the right to exist.

While abhorring narrowness and bigotry I cannot approve the conduct of some Catholics who, in their over-eagerness to "get along" with Protestants and "to break down the barriers of prejudice," seem to forget the Church's absolutely unique position, speaking and writing in such a way as to arouse a vague uneasy feeling that they conceive the Church as a sect, one of a number of more or less acceptable forms of Christianity. It might be well to talk less of the "Catholic" Church and more of *The Church*—for that is what it is.

EDWIN RYAN.

THE MERCURY AND THE CHURCH

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—How we Catholics chuckled (some of us, if I mistake not, in the columns of *The Commonweal*) sometime ago, when Mencken and his fellow-wags were poking irreverent fun, in the *Mercury*, at the Methodists and Baptists of the moron belt! How amusing we thought the quips and quirks about the sanctimonious ones that filled such choice bits of liberalistic literature as *Hatrack*, for instance!

I wonder if we think the *Mercury* so funny now that it has made a place in its pages for an article by a clever ex-Jesuit pointing out certain flaws (as he believes them) in the Catholic Church. No doubt our chuckles now shall cease, and we shall realize that an attack upon Methodist or Baptist beliefs and practices may be easily turned into an attack upon our own beliefs and practices when occasion serves. Now we shall laugh "at the other side of our mouths," as the saying is, in disrelish of that irreverent humor which seemed so extremely laughable when it was directed against Protestant sects.

The fact is (as I tried to point out in these columns at the time of the chuckles) publications like the *Mercury* have no particular love for the Catholic Church any more than for the Protestant denominations. And when we Catholics rejoice at the discomfiture of Protestants attacked by the guerillas of free thought our laughter is like crackling thorns under a pot.

It is the one thing that is fundamental to all religion which is anathema to these so-called liberals; and when they feel they have "polished off" the Protestants, their shafts will surely be turned against us.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

WHAT IS AMERICANISM?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—A recent article in the *American Mercury* adverts to an attitude of mind which is coming to be called "Americanism." That attitude may be defined as impatience of papal authority, or at least an apathetic disregard of it. To this attitude of mind may be added a spirit of resentment against "Italian domination" in Church administration.

Before that label becomes too firmly attached, may I protest through your columns against the unhistorical assumption that this has ever been characteristic of American Catholics of the older stratum?

It does exist here, most dangerously. I assert, however, that it is imported from Europe and is most certainly not an American product as far as the older generations of Catholics are concerned. The author of the *Mercury* article (an European born, I believe) alludes to various recent public discourtesies to the Pope and to at least one older ebullition: by clerics, with one exception. It would be fair to ask in each case where that person was born, and if he was educated in America, where? I suggest that an examination into these things by Catholic editors is very much in order.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Holiday

SALUTATIONS to Philip Barry for the one well-nigh perfect play of this unhappy season! If ever there was a justification for the belief that a thoroughly honest play can also be highly diverting and enormously successful from the box-office viewpoint, Mr. Barry's latest and best play stands forth as that justification. There is not an off-color line from beginning to end. Yet the comedy is clean, swift and high-spirited. The design is as simple as a landscape, yet the substance of human emotion is there in full measure. The play is firm, true and often poignant without once bordering on sentimentality. And it happens also to be the most outstanding and even sensational success of the season.

The story, as I have suggested, is simple enough. A young lawyer, Johnny Case, who is on the verge of success, meets Julia Seton at Lake Placid. Julia is the oldest of Edward Seton's three children and very much wedded to her father's views on how the family and the world in general should be run. Her father—otherwise dubbed "Big Business" by his second daughter, Linda—is one of those conservative crustaceans thoroughly accustomed to having his own way in everything. He is somewhat horrified to discover that Johnny Case has no social background, but is slightly mollified by the fact that Johnny has just arranged a successful merger of public utility interests and shows evidences of making a name for himself. Serious trouble begins just after Mr. Seton has agreed to announce the engagement of Julia and Johnny at a large New Year's party. It then turns out that Johnny has some ideas of his own about relative values in life. Having made a little money of his own and being something of a vagabond at heart, he is rather inclined to take some of his leisure while young. He is fully prepared to stop business for a little while and to resume it only after he and Julia have had a period of leisure and travel. This comes as a bombshell of the first magnitude in the Seton household—to all, that is, except the forthright and rebellious Linda and her younger brother Ned. The conclusion is, if you wish, obvious. The engagement is broken, and Linda, who has understood the vagabond in Johnny all along, finds her way clear at last, after making doubly sure that Julia no longer cares for him at all.

Now, in many ways, we have here only a repetition of the familiar Cinderella theme. You could tell the story in a way to make it seem almost ridiculous. But Barry does not handle his material that way. In the first place, the Cinderella characteristics in Linda are well concealed by her abrupt, almost boyish mannerisms, her quick wit and apt tongue. She is the dominating figure throughout the play. Then, too, we find a perfection of characterization which convinces us that we are dealing with individuals and not with age-old types. There is authenticity in every detail, and many side touches give the picture depth and inner meaning. For example, there is the brother, Ned—well on his way to becoming a drunkard for the simple reason that the whole atmosphere of the stuffy household has got on his nerves. He needs spiritual fresh air and plenty of it. There are Linda's best friends, Nick and Susan Potter, who, in their unassuming way, have made a real art out of life and extract plenty of amusement and meaning from it by using their sufficient means intelligently. They do not make accumulation of money or power

an end in itself. There is also the constant battle of the two sisters, carried on in an undertone and rarely flashing into heat, but forever keeping before us the sterility of wealth as a thing in itself.

I am well aware that in describing these things, I may make them appear as mere platitudes and moralizations. The point is that Barry, with consummate art, has concealed their obviousness, given them fresh verbal expression, and surrounded them with a sensitive breeze of comedy that takes all the curse off of them. He never strains an emotional point to sentimentality. He never permits fierce denunciation. He lets the audience do its own thinking for the most part, and creates a complete illusion of real human experience. Perhaps the finest touches of all are in his handling of dialogue between the conflicting family groups. Linda and her friends know the worth of nonsense. They never lose the spirit of play—and in that alone lies the secret of the "moral of the play" never becoming tiresome. No American playwright can create such delicious nonsense as Barry at his best, and in this play he has given us the cream of those qualities which made certain parts of *White Wings* and *In a Garden* enchanting. He has avoided the main fault of those earlier plays, however, by not getting carried away by nonsense and fantasy. He has set about to write a real play and has introduced whimsicality only where it serves a dramatic purpose.

Of course a play of this character gains enormously from intelligent production, and be it said now and with emphasis that Arthur Hopkins has lavished on *Holiday* an almost perfect cast, and settings by Robert Edmond Jones that fairly burst with authentic atmosphere. Jones has often demonstrated his power of imaginative design. He is surpassingly fine as an impressionist. But, like every true artist, he also has the ability to turn realist in a heightened degree. When the curtain goes up, the Jones settings speak for themselves. They tell you what kind of house this is and what kind of family lives in it. And that is worth pages of "exposition."

Hope Williams makes of Linda Seton an almost unique character in dramatic literature. I am unable to say whether this is the result of perfect "type" casting, or of superb acting. So far as the audience goes, this makes little difference. Linda stands forth as clear as a cameo—a strong, clear-thinking, direct-acting, whimsical and lovable girl without a trace of self-consciousness, and with a breadth of understanding which can flow only from a strong though concealed maternal quality. In the thankless part of Julia Seton, Dorothy Tree manages to retain just as much sympathy as the exigencies of the situation permit. Her father, as played by Walter Walker, is anything but a caricature of "big business." He is a perfectly credible older man who has become ossified. Monroe Owsley gives a very sympathetic interpretation of Ned, and Donald Ogden Stewart contributes so much of reckless drollery to Nick Potter that he becomes for a moment in the second act a full play in himself.

To some people *Holiday* may seem a trifle thin and lacking in the flame of drama. But to my mind its very restraint is what gives it its universality. By keeping true to character it permits the audience to fill in the gaps, as to how they would act in a similar position. In brief, *Holiday* is a masterpiece. (At the Plymouth Theatre.)

Gypsy

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S latest play follows the tradition of his work in having many highly sensitive and even poignant scenes, but it distinctly lacks what we might call "illumination." It is really the story of a mother and daughter who are so hopelessly alike in the instability of their emotions that the daughter finally accepts suicide as the only way of removing her blighting influence from the lives of those around her.

At least, this was the version presented on the second night. The first night's performance, according to the reviewers, had a different ending, in which the girl started to commit suicide but found the call of another love adventure too strong and therefore went on her way—the eternal gypsy road. Obviously in a character study of this sort, the difference between the two endings is vastly important. Mr. Anderson, as an instinctive artist, must have felt one or the other to be the true ending of the story, and it is hard to see how he and the producers could be so easily swayed as to do violence to whichever one of the endings he really preferred. For all I know, the original ending may have now been restored. And this possibility makes an intelligent review a somewhat baffling task.

There is one point in the theme, however, which can be discussed regardless of the ending used. And that is the fatalistic insistence on the idea that the daughter cannot escape from yielding to certain inherited tendencies, no matter how valiantly she struggles against them. In this sense the play harks back to Ibsen's theme in *Ghosts*. It is this which prevents the play from having any "illumination"—that is, any sense of the power of will over temptation and tendencies, any sense of the spiritual forces which often triumph over apparently insuperable obstacles. The situation might happen, but the theatre deals largely in universals, and it is a more universal human experience that each new generation has new life forces with which to battle against inheritance. *Gypsy* would strike home only if the character of the girl were dealt with frankly as a neurotic, and her tendencies as a mental twist rather than an inheritance. I have a notion that Anderson meant this to be read between the lines. But he has not made it clear enough to be dramatically useful or convincing.

Claiborne Foster acts the part of the girl intelligently and often with real emotion. Her scenes with her mother (a part admirably created by Mary Young) are stirring and ring true. But Miss Foster's fine ability to create inner feeling gets, most unfortunately, too small an outlet in a part that is doomed from the first to follow an almost mechanical fatalism. (At the Klaw Theatre.)

The Skyrocket

THE SKYROCKET is a passable though somewhat slow-paced comedy, on the familiar old theme of sudden riches and an equally sudden return to poverty, and the development of character which that sudden return can bring. It comes out under excellent auspices, with Gilbert Miller and Guthrie McClintic as producers, and the latter directing. But Mark Reed, the author, has not quite succeeded in covering up the old earmarks of the theme with enough current idiom to make it a startlingly or even supremely human contribution to the theatre. That is, he has not done with it what Barry has done so amazingly with the Cinderella theme of *Holiday*. There is some very good acting by Mary Phillips, J. C. Nugent, Humphrey Bogart and others.

BOOKS

The Rise of Hardy

The Early Life of Thomas Hardy, by Florence Emily Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

THOMAS HARDY probably never did a thing more characteristic or unusual than keeping facts about himself almost as scarce as are the data regarding life on Mars. The amount of biographical guess-work was nevertheless considerable, and must sometimes have annoyed him not a little. It follows that one takes up Mrs. Hardy's careful digest of the facts almost as much for the sake of finding what is untrue as for the pleasure of verity. Her work is plain, spare, unornamented. Its interest lies in the value of the narrative and in its evident accuracy. We shall get the neatly stylized, personal biographies later on. Just now the record is the only needful thing.

In this first volume of the projected two, Mrs. Hardy brings the story as far as the publication of *Tess* of the d'Urbervilles. Diaries and letters are the chief sources of information, although the reader will find constantly recurrent reminiscence particularly enlightening and charming. Three main currents may be said to reveal themselves more and more definitely as the book gets on. First, there is the sum-total of personal incident and circumstance which helped to stamp individuality of character upon Hardy. This is possibly the most difficult to follow and comprehend. The Saxon earthiness and simplicity of the Hardy family constitute the background. We note that diverse ancestors were, in a way, musicians, and that Hardy's literary education, predominatingly classical, did not advance far enough to permit his reading the Greek tragedies in the original. There is a curious incident about a hanging, which Hardy as a boy wished to see through a telescope. He raised the glass just in time to catch a glimpse of the poor wretch dropping to his death. The story of the young Hardy in London lodgings, dreaming about women and poetry but working hard at architecture, is fragrant with the bloom of youth.

The narrative of Hardy's spiritual development is interesting and representative. Born into a family of staunch Church of England people, he had once thought of taking orders. A yearning after scholarship characterized all his younger days, and it was almost an accident that he turned away from academia. Religion he took seriously, once reading the Greek New Testament while in controversy with sundry Baptist companions. Newman's *Apologia* interested him, but he believed that the first argument was an assumption impossible to prove. In 1865 he was still thinking of orders while wondering if he could reconcile certain of his views with orthodoxy. The decisive influence seems to have been that of Leslie Stephen. In all probability, however, Hardy was never a careful student of philosophy or himself a systematic thinker. The infiltration of agnostic science into the view of life held by the later intellectual English nineteenth century is, perhaps, the chief cause of his metaphysical attitudes.

Finally, one comes to the very absorbing details of Hardy's rise to literary eminence. Eager to be a poet, he gradually became a master of prose. In 1875, having written *Far from the Madding Crowd*, "he perceived that he was 'up against' the position of having to carry on his life not as an emotion, but as a scientific game; that he was committed by circumstances to novel-writing as a regular trade, as much as he had

been formerly to architecture; and that hence he would, he deemed, have to look for material in manners." He was greatly impressed by an interesting letter from Coventry Patmore voicing the conviction that *A Pair of Blue Eyes* should have been composed as a poem. Nor were the conventions to be stripped of their titles. The editor of the *Graphic* objected to the description of Angel Clare carrying Tess and her girl friends across a flooded lane, stating that it would be more fitting, in a magazine destined for the fireside, to have them get their transportation in a wheelbarrow. All this part of Mrs. Hardy's story is rich with fascinating details and glimpses of many famous people.

The book is so genuine, sincere and unpretentious that one looks forward with unusual pleasure to the final volume. It is rare to come upon writing which does not subordinate material to itself, and it is a solace to feel that here are facts, human and often revealing, about one of the greatest among the company of English authors.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Kettle-Drumming the Gospel

Evangelized America, by Grover C. Loud. New York: The Dial Press. \$4.00.

A REASONABLE criticism of Mr. Loud's book is that its intellectual perspective is a trifle "early." Aimee Semple McPherson and John Roach Straton should not be found in the company of Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield. A charlatan like Joseph Smith has no place by the side of Charles Wesley. Men may preach and exhort, yet belong to different worlds. Longfellow and Thomas Brower Peacock both wrote verses, and both had readers. But we do not find both names in the records of American letters.

The creed of Jonathan Edwards was a dreadful creed. "The bulk of mankind is reserved for burning," he said genially. But his mind was powerful, his scholarship sound. He was given the presidency of Princeton College before he died. Notoriety was the last thing he coveted, and he stood ready to relinquish his pulpit rather than abate one jot of his principles. He was utterly unlike the revivalists of his own, or of a later, day. He did not deal with emotions, save only the emotion of fear. He claimed an acquaintance with hell as intimate and as assured as Dante's; but the peculiar irreverence of the camp-meeting, the vulgar assumption of being at home in Zion, was no part of his spiritual outfit.

Whitefield and Charles Wesley were indeed revivalists, denouncing the harmless as well as the harmful pleasures of the world, and stirring the souls of men into spasms of religious fervor. But Whitefield was an ascetic, a practical philanthropist and a powerful preacher of the Word. The united testimonies of Hume, Franklin and Lord Chesterfield vouch for his eloquence. A man who could win and hold the attention of three such listeners must have had something more than vehemence to recommend him. He obeyed implicitly the counsel of John Wesley to his followers: "Speak as earnestly as you can, but never scream."

Charles Wesley has been overshadowed by his greater brother. Had there been no John, his name would be more eminent today. A persuasive preacher and a good hymn-writer, he was truly and deeply concerned with the souls of the very poor. He had little in common with the tribe of exhorters who succeeded him, and who made camp-meetings the religious dissipations of the countryside. He had nothing in common with the political ambition of his church today, nor

with the political power it wields. The kingdom of which he preached was a kingdom not of this world.

The reign of the revivalists is vividly, if somewhat unkindly, portrayed in Mr. Loud's book, which is dedicated to the memory of a Methodist minister who did not believe in revivals. It is a strange picture he draws of religious emotionalism carried to the verge of frenzy, and expressing itself in violent physical contortions. "Jump-to-Glory-Jane" was a conventional churchwoman alongside of the shrieking, wailing crowd, the "jerkers" and the cataleptics who "got religion" at the expense of sanity and decorum. The work should be of value to students who wish to know every phase of American evangelization; but it is not discriminating. The element of criticism is lacking.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Tomorrow's Melody

Music: A Science and an Art, by John Redfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.

THIS survey of music, by a former lecturer in the physics of music at Columbia University, is the most significant work since Busoni's *Toward a New Esthetic for Music*. It turns our eyes upon the musical future, examining and speculating on its every ramification: tonality and scales, harmony and melody, rhythms of tomorrow, improving our instruments and developing new ones, the human voice, increasing the variety of timbre and volume of the orchestra and the band, and an evaluation of that nursery of novelty, the jazz band. Already some of the author's prognostications have come to pass; in the chapter on Rhythm's of Tomorrow he outlines the possibility of rhythmic counterpoint, a development already well established in the music of the new French and German schools, notable examples of which may be found in the works of Stravinsky and Varèse.

Mr. Redfield has popularized as best one may the scientific attractions of music. He argues that the technic of music must be isolated and studied in the laboratory, if the art is to continue development. To be sure, he is not the first man of science to be preoccupied with music in its physical manifestation. To the scientist, as Mr. Redfield puts it, "music is something happening in the air; and it is nothing else." These studies have a well-known genealogy in the works of the physicists, Helmholtz and Tyndall. What throws Mr. Redfield's work into relief is the generous view of the possibilities of music and his argument for the establishment of a laboratory of music to be devoted to the speedy solution of musical problems—notably the "wolf" in the piano with its tempered scale. There is little doubt that musical progress would have been more rapid had the piano never been born into the family of musical instruments; its arbitrary arrangement of intervals in its scale has been a veritable straight-jacket to the composer's thought—often consciously. Varèse tried to work out his aesthetic problems in a fire house and the Western Electric laboratory, seeking an electric siren that could be exploited for intensities and rhythms, besides its novel sound color. We also find composers of the new schools splitting up the scale into intervals of quarter and eighth tones, in an effort to escape the tyranny of the tempered scale; others write in several keys simultaneously, developing polytonality. Again we have Schoenberg issuing works without any key signature, known as atonality. Recently we have seen the development of a kind of polymodality. Everywhere there are evidences of gestures and aborted attempts to en-

large the resources of sound, and it becomes more and more apparent that the physicist will eventually be called upon to deliver this fruit.

One instance will suffice to show the deep effect physics will have upon music in the future. As Mr. Redfield writes: "Compared with a dynamo or a gas engine, a musical instrument is a simple piece of mechanism," the manufacture of which "has scarcely been touched by science." It is not in the material sense alone that music will be benefited by science, but in the very process of creation, as witness: "To discover a new rhythm under present conditions it is first necessary to conceive the rhythm and then to learn to reproduce it. The conception of the new rhythm must be got out of nothing at all, a purely creative act; and this is not easy. But with our apparatus, it would not be necessary first to get the conception of the new rhythm; the apparatus would supply this. We would simply reproduce, mechanically, one after another, all the possible variations of the double rhythm that could in any way arise, and carefully study each one of these variations to discover whether any of them possessed an appeal to our rhythmic sense and could be put to practical use."

As with rhythm, so with melody and harmony: the necessity of bringing them into being from out the ether may yet be obviated by the use of vibration apparatus, and thus will efficiency touch creation.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Sweetness and Blight

Matthew Arnold, by Hugh Kingsmill. New York: The Dial Press. \$4.00.

THE truth—as Mr. Hugh Kingsmill sees it—is that Matthew Arnold was not a great prophet of sweetness and light at all, but a thick-blooded creature so manacled by family inhibitions that he ceased being a good poet and became an ordinary demagogue. The point is sustained with brilliance and considerable truth which make the book highly entertaining reading.

Matthew Arnold—says Kingsmill—was a coward and a snob. Had he broken away from the Caesarism of his famous father, from Fox How, from his own sense of classic importance, and everything represented by Mrs. Humphry Ward, there might have been some hope for him. Various avenues of escape offered, for example a secret love affair with an unknown French girl—an incident built up entirely on the internal evidence of a few of the early poems—but propriety conquered him, his poetry eventually dried up from intense emotional repression, and in the conflict between his instinctive sense of reality and the distorted sense laboriously imposed on him by his training, Arnold became a hopelessly confused and fallible prophet.

So we are shown Matt as a child in the house of the author of Tom Brown's School Days; Matt as a youth calling on George Sand at Nohant, and producing in her "l'effet d'un Milton jeune et voyageant"; Matt as a school inspector eating a bun before a roomful of astonished boys; Matt among his children and dogs sinking back into demagoguery as into a pile of cushions; and finally, rather as an epilogue, Matt in New York, being congratulated by Mr. P. T. Barnum, who declared that his lecture was "grand," and that he was determined to be one of the "remnant" who should go in for the culture that Matt was advertising in America.

One may be guilty of some detachment from the Victorian age, and agree with Mr. Kingsmill that a book like this fre-

quently clears the air after a great deal of half-baked discussion, and yet legitimately doubt whether the present study can serve much useful purpose.

The work is pivoted on the secret passion of Arnold for Marguerite—perhaps a French governess, thinks Kingsmill. The evidence is very slight indeed. Secondly, from the outset any possible value in Kingsmill's study for circles where it might do the most good will be impaired by its flippancy. Thirdly, we should like to know the real reason why Mr. Kingsmill failed to gain access to the large quantity of correspondence covering the period before Arnold's marriage, since it has been made readily accessible to American scholars by members of Arnold's family. That the Arnold family is endeavoring to keep some dark secret from the light seems an unjust and unfair assumption.

In mood and manner Mr. Kingsmill's book belongs with Lytton Strachey's Eminent Victorians—and hence will, by many, be thought of as old-fashioned, as old-fashioned as Arnold Lunn or André Maurois.

Perhaps Arnold knew better than his critics that he had said everything he had to say in poetry—and the result was rather flat and second-rate. In his desertion of poetry for criticism he was, of course, exquisitely modern (even more modern than Mr. Kingsmill). As G. A. Borgese, the Italian critic, bore witness in Paris the other day, when he said, "Si Apollon a été autrefois le chef des Muses, aujourd'hui le chœur est conduit par la Critique."

SPEER STRAHAN.

"Psychical Energy"

Contributions to Analytical Psychology, by C. G. Jung; translated from the German by H. G. and Cary F. Baynes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

ONE does not need to be more than ordinarily familiar with the literature of the "new psychology" to recognize the author of this book as the first great secessionist from the Freudian school of psychoanalysis. Jung repudiates the exclusively sexual interpretation of the libido, to which Freud clings, in favor of a more comprehensive view. By broadening the scope of this concept to include all forms of "psychical energy," Jung claims to have achieved a more scientific outlook on the field of psychological experience, both normal and abnormal.

The present work comprises an essay of considerable length on the author's conception of "psychical energy," together with a dozen shorter articles—public lectures and papers published on various occasions between the years 1919 and 1927—all bearing upon problems of systematic psychology and its applications. The collection of essays does not form a consecutive series. Several of them are cast in the form of popular articles for the layman uninitiated in psychology, and five of them have already appeared in English in medical and psychological reviews. When read in conjunction with his monumental work, Psychological Types, these Contributions give a very full account of Dr. Jung's psychological views and methods.

The translation is particularly well done and it would certainly not be fair to blame the translators for the obscurity of many passages in the more technical portions of the work. Some of Dr. Jung's explanations are anything but clear. His language, too, is often unnecessarily periphrastic. But his criticism of the strict Freudian view reveals his keen sense of the danger of error that lurks in a too simple and unitary principle of mental analysis.

The chapters *Spirit and Life*, and *Analytical Psychology and Weltanschauung*, delve into the perennial problems of philosophy. Here Dr. Jung is not quite at home. It was Apelles, was it not, whom Pliny reports as giving his cobbler-critic that piece of sound advice, "ne sutor supra crepidam"?

The three lectures, *Woman in Europe*, *Marriage as a Psychological Relationship*, and *The Love-Problem of the Student*, contain generous doses of that type of psychological discussion which borders on lubricity and renders psycho-analytic literature objectionable to so many people.

The concluding chapters of the book are devoted to a study of the value of analytical psychology in education and the influence of the unconscious in individual education. These sections of the work follow the usual lines of the scientific lecture on educational psychology. In spite of their technical character and the frequent illustrations drawn from clinical experience, they offer the easiest reading of all the lectures in this rather composite series.

The author of this book ranks high among psychologists of the present day. Throughout his writings he shows a thorough grasp of his complex subject-matter. His judgments are not hasty nor does he leave the statement of his views unsubstantiated by serious, if not always convincing, facts and arguments. This book will, no doubt, find many readers.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Nile and No Man's Land

Seeing Egypt and the Holy Land, by E. M. Newman. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. \$5.00.

The Cruise of the Northern Light, by Mrs. John Borden. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

THAT all his knowledge and all his pleasantness are not confined to the lecture platform, is testified in the third of E. M. Newman's books concerning old-world charm. The author considered Russia and Italy before turning his pen to Egypt and the Holy Land. As in the case of the companion volumes, he scatters through his text and his 300 illustrations sage warnings as to the better places to sleep, dine and sight-see. The result is an informative and much-to-be-appreciated guide to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

Beirut, Damascus, the mountains of Judea, the Christ-blessed Nazareth and the Christ-cursed Jerusalem, the Arabian desert and minareted Mecca mark the first half of the journey. The author stops far more frequently than the ordinary travel tour director; one has plenty of time to explore with him and by oneself. One may kneel silently before the sacred relics, or one may stand at the side, and listen to the legend which says the blood of Christ trickled through the rock to stain the skull of Adam, buried below the Holy Sepulchre, thus physically linking the Fall and the Redemption; to the story of the Valley of Jehosaphat, burial in whose sod warrants first call on the Day of Judgment; to the botanical fact that the lilies of the field who failed in their duties as housekeepers are but narcissi. From Jerusalem, cross-roads of the world, through whose Jaffa Gate passes a steady colorful stream, the reader is led willingly to Port Said, Alexandria, Cairo, down the Nile, with its picturesque river boats, to Luxor, tomb of kings.

For those who prefer colder regions—though snow does fall in Jerusalem, as one of Newman's illustrations bears witness—Mrs. John Borden has written the first woman's account of a journey into the Alaskan and Siberian Arctic. The volume

is the development of a diary kept while she, her husband and a group of friends sailed a year ago in the schooner *Northern Light* to hunt the Kodiak, the walrus, the brown bear and lesser fauna for the Field Museum in Chicago. Exciting and humorous adventures, the conversation and banter of a crew composed half of experienced seamen, half of young Chicago Sea Scouts (an organization similar to the Boy Scouts) constitute the narrative. To come in contact with a woman's point of view, to learn of thrills which were so frequent as to prevent recourse to a single game or book through the whole trip, to observe her reactions to danger, to the S.O.S. which came out of the blinding fog, to the Esquimaux such as Big and Little John who forever wanted their pictures snapped, with or without the inevitable cigarette, is quite unusual and quite interesting after hundreds of newspaper interviews and interpretations of Peary and Amundsen, MacMillan and Byrd.

JAMES E. TOBIN.

The Grail Seekers

Chivalry: A Series of Studies to Illustrate Its Historical Significance and Civilizing Influence, by members of King's College, London; edited by Edgar Prestage. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.00.

CHIVALRY has always been an alluring topic, especially to people young in spirit, years or mind. But their contemplation of it does not long remain unshadowed by perplexities and doubts. The adolescent enthusiasm which fed on poetry and song gradually gives way to a more critical viewpoint, the outcome at times of reading in prosaic works. When Professor Coulton becomes the dispenser of the new mediaeval atmosphere, as Lord Tennyson was of the old, disillusionment with regard to chivalry tends to be complete. Once glowing minds are enveloped in a "Ritterdämmerung" more gloomy than the twilight of the gods.

The perusal of this book, which has a gorgeous format worthy of its theme, will bring the pendulum back to the spot where it belongs. In achieving perspective on this controversial subject, at the same time that we are shocked because of frequent contrasts between theory and fact, we come to realize that the ideals of chivalry must have exalted the society which gave them birth. Nay more, they were actually embodied in the lives of such outstanding exemplars as "Godfrey of Bouillon, Tancred of Sicily, William Marshall, Saint Louis, the Cid, Sir Walter Manny, Sir John Chandos, Bertrand du Guesclin, the Black Prince and the Chevalier Bayard—a noble company of illustrious men who in bravery, courtesy, integrity, devotion, piety, and chastity, will well stand comparison with the representative men of any age; men whose lives did much to redeem the reputation of the chivalry to which they owed their education and their inspiration."

These words occur in the first paper of the collection, that by Professor Hearnshaw, who, in placing chivalry in its historic setting, sketches its darker aspects with unsparing pen. He is especially hostile to the actual manifestations of the third element which combined with religion and warfare to complete the institution—that of courtly love. Perhaps words to be found in Dr. Atkins's discussion, of *The Chivalry of Germany* will prove an antidote to what may be a too pessimistic viewpoint: ". . . With many of the poets undoubtedly, this licentiousness was largely a pose and a literary fashion, which no more reflected the actualities of real life than a certain type of French or English novel reflects the normal society of its

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day. To take examples from German literature, one would never guess from their works that Hofmannswaldau in the seventeenth century, and Wieland in the eighteenth were staid and respectable family men. Rainer Maria Rilke has somewhere a witty phrase about 'the troubadours who feared nothing more than the success of their wooing.'

In addition to other fascinating chapters there are much-needed accounts of chivalry in Portugal and Spain. Dr. Pastor elucidates tantalizing problems in connection with Spanish chivalry and draws a charming picture of the Cid. Professor Reed closes the series with a provocative chapter on Chivalry and the Idea of a Gentleman. Should noble blood or noble conduct admit one to this rare fellowship? It is heartening to recall that the qualities which Chaucer predicated of his knight—wisdom and discretion, truth and honor, freedom and courtesy—have never been the monopoly of one clan.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

Unimpressive Smudge

Black Sadie, by T. Bowyer Campbell. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

BLACK SADIE is a Virginia Negress, born of a murderer hanged five months before her birth and of an unenviable mother who died almost simultaneously with it. After a precarious childhood of thievery and of service in two southern houses, she journeys to New York in care of a cousin, becomes a maid in a dull household, joins the Star Methodist Church, meets Peter Wright, a colored postman, and lives with him to escape the fate of her cousin, who with her associates has been arrested for the seven (and more) cardinal sins. Through rather incredible circumstances Sadie becomes an artist's model, the fashion, and finally the rage of bohemian New York. Upon discovering Peter drunk and adulterous, she leaves him. She gratefully permits the murder of her would-be lover, Marcus, by her brother, Lucky Andrew, and, having checked the lover's body in a trunk to Chicago, departs for Virginia on the very train on which Peter is porter. They reunite and decide to live on the safer side of the Potomac.

One does not object to ugly stories merely because they are ugly. Carl Van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven* is often unlovely, but one feels that it is four-square in its presentation of the Negro nature; Du Bose Heyward's *Porgy* is hateful and lovely by turns. Yet both ring true whereas this somehow does not. Both have touches of light—poetry, music, humor—whereas this is a tale in which unutterable blackness on the part of the Negroes and just as unutterable stupidity on the part of the white people contend for honors.

Mr. Campbell's novel may be intrinsically true, but if he cannot make us believe it, then it is, artistically, a lie. And it is impossible to believe that any group of people, black and white, elemental and civilized, is so constantly and consistently murderous and lascivious, stupid and self-seeking, so utterly unromantic, so entirely devoid of any sense of humor. Nor does he add to his semblance of truth in motivating his story by a series of the most astounding coincidences.

It is easy to forget mere workmanship in such a cataclysmic succession of disasters and horrors. Mr. Campbell's writing is of the ultra-modern variety. He has no regard for the sentence, and his choppy narrative races unevenly on without the occasional relief of comment or of description. One reads with the curiosity of Alice in Wonderland, "wondering if anything would ever happen in a natural way again."

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

*News from London***Mr. Belloc Envelops His Neighbours**

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has a cold.

I know this, because I sat opposite him in the Underground, and he was coughing a good deal.



Mr. Belloc is a remarkable sight. There he sat in an enormous coat, reminiscent of coaching days, which enveloped him

completely, from head to foot.

On his shoulders was an enormous cape, which enveloped Mr. Belloc's Underground neighbours almost completely.

Mr. Belloc began taking things out of his voluminous pockets after the manner of a clown. First a box of French cigarettes, then matches, spectacles, and what not. We watched, absorbed, for what would come next.

Mr. Belloc put his hand in his pocket and drew out—an American Catholic review, which he proceeded to read.

This, of course, proved beyond all doubt that he was Mr. Belloc.

From The London Daily Sketch

When Mr. Belloc receives his copy of the February 13th issue of *The Commonwealth*, in addition to the usual editorials, week by week paragraphs, play and book reviews and correspondence column, he will find three articles of more than passing interest:

What Not to Do in College, by Douglas Bush.

Concerning Catholic Poets, by David P. McAstocker, S. J.

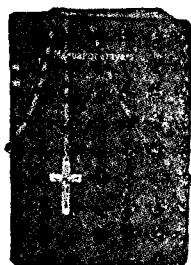
A Moral Issue, by John C. Cahalan, Jr.

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Toward Mindanao

Bullets and Bolos, by John R. White. New York: The Century Company. \$3.50.

COLONEL WHITE is introduced to his readers in a highly laudatory foreword by General J. G. Harbord, under whose orders he formerly served, and who calls him one of the most gallant and outstanding officers of the Philippine constabulary.

After serving as a volunteer in the Greek Foreign Legion in the Greco-Turkish war of 1897, Colonel White took part in the Klondike gold rush, and, in 1899, enlisted in the United States infantry for service in the Philippines. In 1901 he was appointed a junior inspector in the Philippine constabulary, and after thirteen years' service, retired as colonel in that organization in 1914. He subsequently served in the world war, and is now superintendent of the Sequoia National Park in California.

General Harbord in his foreword is most severe in his strictures on the retirement of Governor-General Cameron Forbes by the Wilson administration, and speaks in highly condemnatory terms of the Harrison régime in the Philippines. The author of *Bullets and Bolos*, however, apart from his commendation of the humane administration of the islands by Governor-General Forbes, does not touch on political questions at all. His attitude to racial questions is unbiased and he has a sympathetic appreciation of the good qualities of our oriental wards not always to be found among those less well acquainted with them. He is severely critical of the attitude of the American women who refuse to associate on terms of social equality with the Filipinos; he considers this one of the greatest obstacles to a complete understanding.

Bullets and Bolos is a simple and unpretentious account of the author's adventures during thirteen years of mixed fighting and administration in the Philippine Islands. After three years in Negros against the Babylanes, he was transferred to the Island of Mindanao to deal with pure Malay Mohammedan inhabitants. After several years passed on fighting the nearly savage population, he was severely wounded and, being temporarily incapacitated for active service, he was appointed head of the Iwahig Penal Colony. He later organized the first school for Philippine cadets at Baguio.

A. CAMPBELL TURNER.

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